

*Gifted
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Emerson, Frederick

ARE WE IMMORTAL?

BT 921
E42
1890z

JN. M.A.
Montreal.

BT921

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Walters, p. 556.

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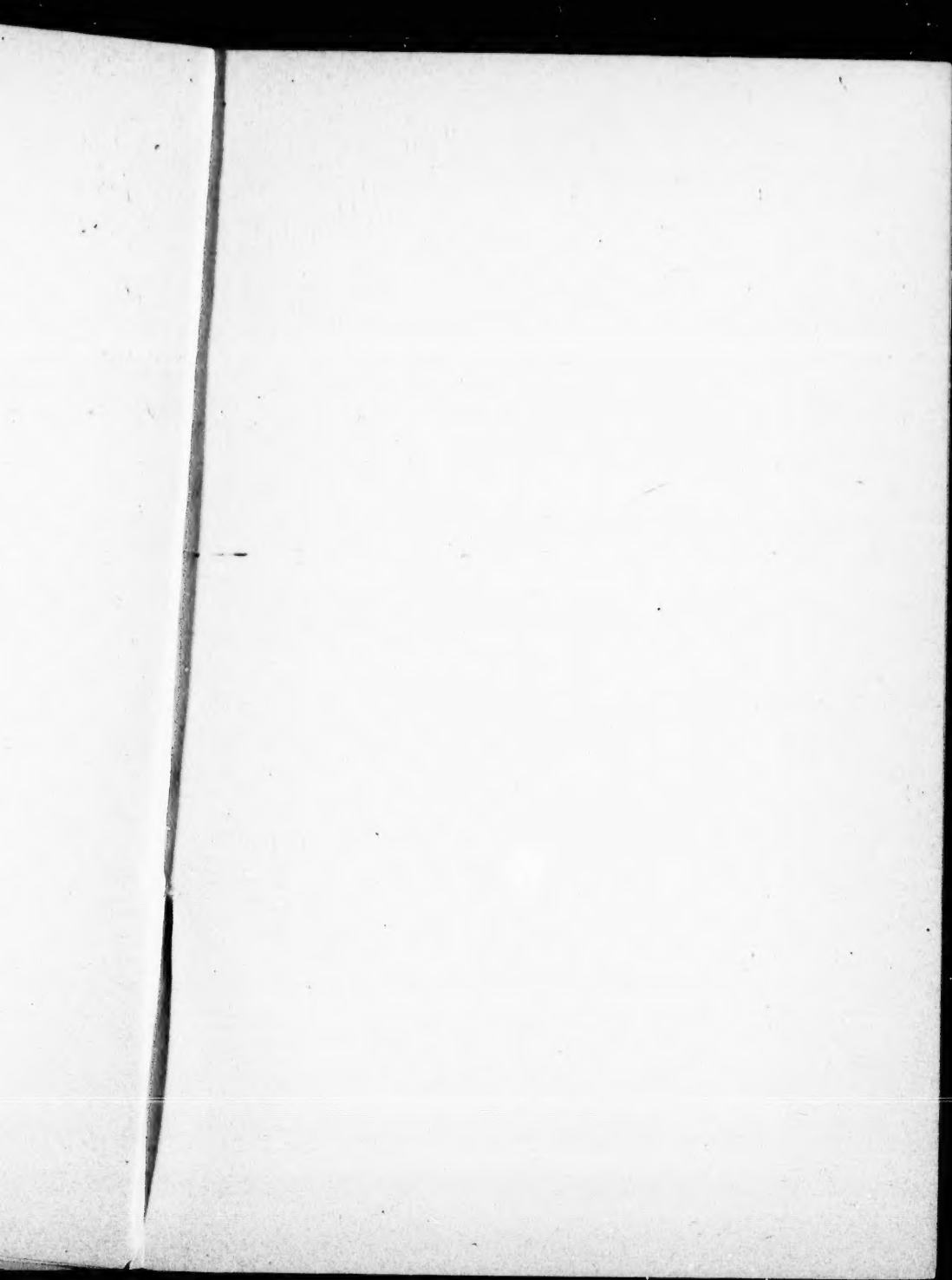
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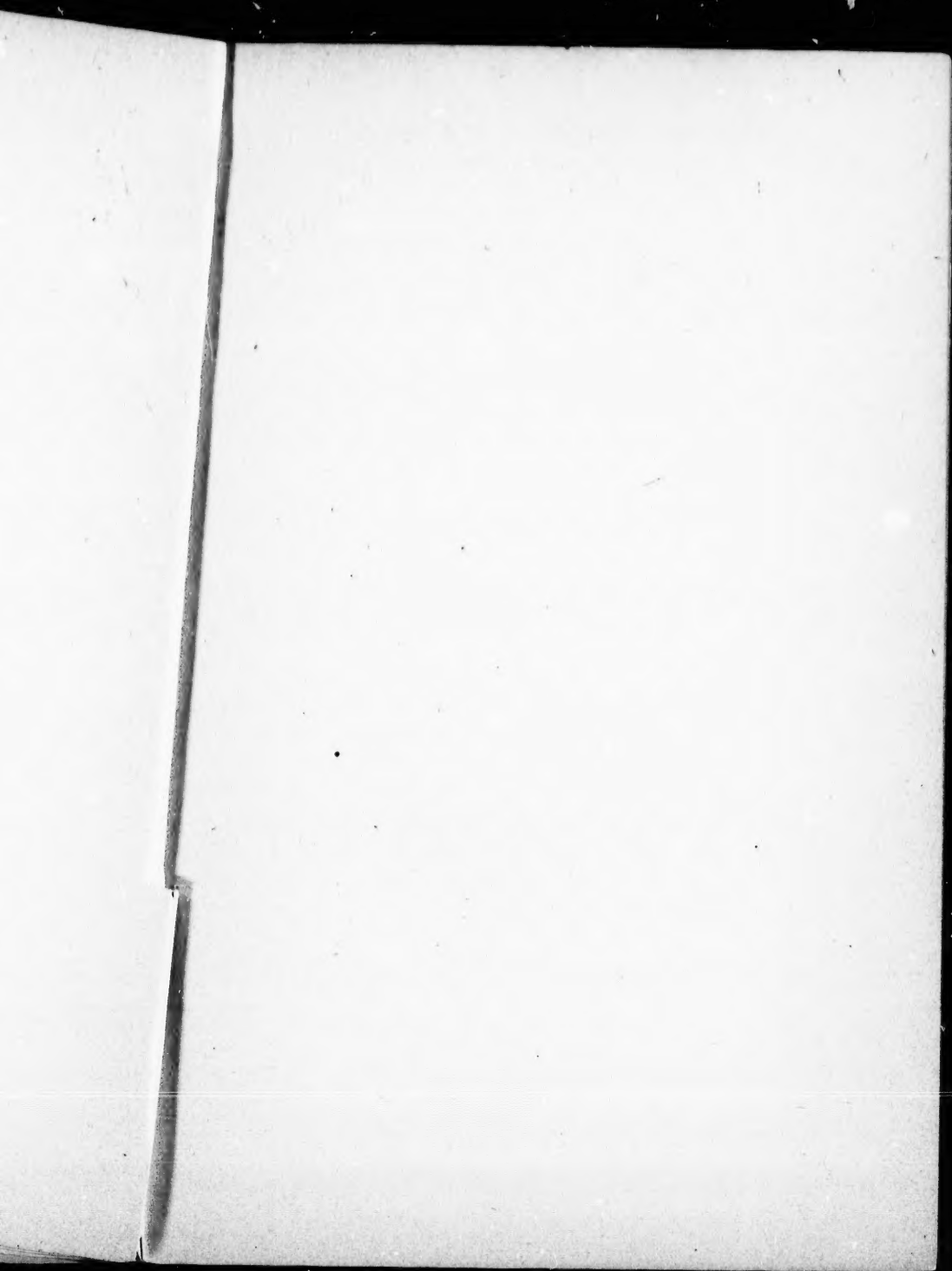
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To C G

HEPITAF

**LESSON IN FONETIK
PUNCTUATION**

AND

WHOLOGRAF WILL



CI GIT

Here lies—litl enuf

what remains of F. C. Emberson M.A. JP ABCD . . F . . M.A. Master
of Harts *alias* flirt J.P. Magistraet --ex officio as School Inspector
alias Jumping Pfrog AB Bachelor of Arts BC Bishop's College D . . F . .

well we most of us kno wat DF means he lied in life and he lies still
in deth he was a Scholar & Greek Exhibitioner of Wadhiam C Oxford
graduating thar with a First in mods pure classics— a Second in Great
Go in Lit Human (applied classics political economy &c) & Hi Honors
in Mathematics & was PROXIME ACCESSIT for the Trinity Colleg
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SHIP

and shipped on board HMS Canada

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He was sincere no gentleman possibly chaste 5 foot 2 hi pious &
sincerely and entirely religius

He was very fond of baked potatoes

He also painted in water colors & of such is the kingdom of Heave



WILL

He had 0 he hold a great deal & ye rest he leaves to the poor
Verdun Hospital the best place probably for neurasthenics like himse
in NA or perhaps the world His bones he leaves like the immort
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R. I. P.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN & DR BURJESSS



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DR BURJESS



LILIUM CANADENSE.

(Immortal voice.)

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RARI SUNT BONI

(Few are the bones)

Is this all we are to come to?

I TROW NOT.

BT97

E42

1890

CHEMISTS.

Wholesale -- Lyman, Sons & Co., 1819.

Dispensing -- W. Reynolds, 8099. It is
most vitally important to know of
a thoroughly trustworthy Dispensing
Chemist.

OATS.

"The oats are like a troupe of girls laughing and dancing two."



Is there not an infinite joy in these i i i i ?

And is not all that's infinite

IMMORTAL?

Co., 1819.
8099. It is
to know of
Dispensing

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1890

"Angels and Ministers of Grace attend us at

Murphy's"

The best place in the world to buy sermons
and other dry goods.

This is a Lie.

The numbering of the pages and chapters in this book are the result of a most interesting experiment of the working of the human brain under unusual circumstances. It was left to my Printers deaf eel. He is such a vigorous teatotalter as to be $\frac{1}{2}$ drunk all the time off Strong tea and Aird's Ginger beer. Practising for a circus, the rest of the time he spends standing on his head. The result surpasses my utmost imagination !

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IMMORTALITY PROVED IN 6 WORDS.



My heart friend MR. L. O. ARMSTRONG of the C.P.R. in whose judgment I have complete and utter confidence agrees with me that our Immortality can be proved; actually, in six (6) words; thus;— Because

IT PAYS, *actually* TO BELIEVE IT.

But the other proofs in this look may be more convincing to some minds.

That it pays to believe it, is, as Mill has shewn, the only proof of the existence of matter.

And yet no one doubts the existence of matter.

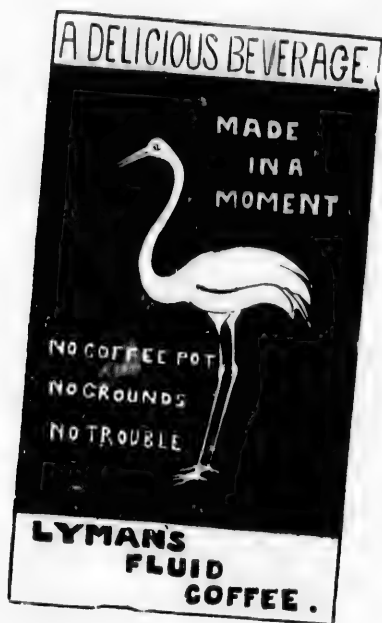
I met a saint of God in Mance Street, Montreal this week. She said;—"Immortal? Of course I know I am Immortal No one can help being certain of that."

Perhaps when I am a Saint of God, I may *know* it. Mean while I try to do kindly ax—without grinding any axe thereby. I often ask God what to do and Something silently answers me, and for 20 years has *never* answered me wrong. And I leave all the rest to God. And I am, meanwhile, as happy, inexpressibly happy, when well, as the day is long.

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1895



WRITE AT ONCE FOR IMMORTALITY PROVED

TO

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., BOX 2381, MONTREAL.

Illustrated by Desbarats & Co.'s unrivalled Photo-gravures
from designs by A. G. Racey and the Author.

Testimonials to Mr. Emberson's last book, *The Lovesick Jap.*

"Magnificent." HENRY DALBY, Ed. *Montreal Star*.

"The most uproarious fun I ever read in my life." . . . G. H. FLINT.

"I consider this an epoch-making book." F. C. EMBERSON.
(He ought to know. Hence the author.)

"Beats Mark Twain." . . . F. C. SKELTON, in the *St. John's News*.

"This book is, like its author, unique and unrivalled. Such a book
and such a man have never appeared before."

And it may be devoutly hoped, will never appear again.

W. DRYSDALE, Montreal.

"The book is, within the limited range of my reading, the greatest book
of the XIX. century." So quote the Ex-editor of the *Weekly Witness*, in
the presence of the Author to the Editor of the *Atlan Guardian*.

He forgot In Memoriam, but the author "didn't let on."

"It breathes such a spirit of hearty patriotism, such a whole-souled
love for Canada and Fatherland that I am thinking of recommending it
in, and having it sold after, my lectures."

—L. O. ARMSTRONG, Bishop's College, Lennoxville—Ben Hur.

"LAUGH?! I never laughed so much in my life."

—The great GEO. MURRAY, *Star* office, Montreal.

Fighting and tears. Most roystering fun and highest and deepest phil-
osophy. A man could laugh over it going, as chief mourner, to his own
funeral.

Every sentence in this book has been weighed and reweighed, arranged
and re-arranged, every important word set like jewel in work of finest gold,
till the whole reads as delightfully as, and promises like to be a JOY FOR
EVER to gifted minds, like the *Essays of Elia*.

"IMMORTALITY PROVED" is for sale at *The Montreal News Co.*
only, and all book-sellers. Price: 25 cts. Editio de Luxe (only too
printed), \$1. Please order by mail of the author, F. C. Emberson, M.A.,
Box 2381, Montreal.

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In Preparation,

Mehatleh,
A Canadian Indian Love Story.

— 25c. —

Order of the Author, F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., Drawer 2381,
Montreal, or of E. PICKEN.

PLATFORM PROPOSED

FOR THE

**Patrons of Industry, Knights of Labor, Trades
and Labor Council, Associated Order of
United Workmen, Canadian National
League and other Workmen,**

BY THE

Author of "The Yarn of the Little Parsee."

1. To make "honesty" the test, regardless of party, at the next election. In all cases, that is, to vote for the most honest, or least dishonest candidate that offers himself.
2. "Out of debt, out of danger." Our first duty is, of course, to free our country and city from debt. To run into debt is to snatch the bread from our own children's mouths before the very wheat is grown. To pay our debts, we must gradually raise or lower the taxes on luxuries till we have found the rate at which they yield a maximum revenue income. Expenses will fall to the lowest point directly we have a parliament of honest men. Be it remembered that it is public and municipal debts that keep the neck of the workingman under the heel of the usurer. Without such debts interest would drop to 2 or 3 %.
3. No taxes on books, (that is, on light and learning) on agricultural implements or workmen's tools.
4. No excise on tobacco. Places to be licensed for its sale, that we may raise our own tobacco ; the most profitable crop there is in the world.
5. No Copyright. Fancy our Saviour copyrighting the Sermon on the Mount. And is He not our Great Example ?

Story.

Drawer 2381,

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6. No Patent Laws. Their chief effect is to help lawyers to fatten on patentees.
7. All street car rails to be of uniform width, and so made that they can be used, throughout the country, by all wheels at the right distance apart
8. A Tenants' Rights Association to secure fair judicial rents. Why should Canada be worse ruled than Ireland?
9. Any one guaranteeing to occupy it, to be able to expropriate any half-acre of land not less than 100 yards from a dwelling-house. The price to be fixed by arbitration. Allowance to be made for annoyance, &c., to original owner. "What clause in Adam's will, left the earth to one man," or to a mere handful of men?
10. Prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation and habitual consumption of all drinks containing more than 1 % of alcohol.
11. All Schools to be bi-lingual; English to be spoken in the morning, French (or German) in the afternoon.
12. Cases of boodling by any member of the Government or Council to be tried by the Courts and punished by the penitentiary, and in gross cases by life imprisonment. There is no greater crime.
13. The penalty for all forms of gambling, lottery-mongering, betting on races, &c., to be imprisonment without option of fine.

Presidents of the Societies named above are earnestly invited to open these propositions to discussion and vote, and forward the results of the voting to F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., Author of "The Yarn of the Little Parsee," &c., *Witness Office*, Montreal. And all seeing this Platform are urged to put a "yes" or "no" to each proposition on this paper and forward to the same address.

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CHAPTER I.
 HOW FLOWERS *PROVE* THE EXISTENCE
 OF GOD.

"And why should I be afraid to die. Death can but bring me nearer to God. And if there be no God, what is it to me to live in a world without God. But there is a God and He careth for us His children.—"MARCUS AURELIUS.

[For sale by W. DRYSDALE & Co., 35c.]

As I showed in my delightful little book "Gold and Silver," knowledge is only desirable for two reasons:—

1. Firstly, in so far as it tells us something that concerns ourselves;
2. Secondly, in so far as it tells us something that concerns God;

And what concerns God touches us far more vitally than what merely concerns ourselves.

The study of flowers is therefore *the most desirable of all studies*, in that by it may be *PROVED*, for the first time in the history of the world,

"THE EXISTENCE OF GOD."

Spinoza thought he had proved it. And everybody else thought he had proved it for about two centuries. Then some big swell said his proof was a *petitio principii*. And then

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everybody said with scorn that Spinoza was an ass and hadn't proved it at all.

Then my friend Mansell, the jester, of St. John's College, Oxford, wrote his "Prolegomena Logica." This nobody has ever understood. But it was known to be orthodox. And the Germans to hide their ignorance said it was all right. And so all orthodox fellows at Oxford in my day said Mansell had proved they were all right. And all the unorthodox fellows carefully let it alone and were silent when it was mentioned.

My dear friend and old pupil, Oddie, Fellow of Oriel, began to read it, with the three other members of his reading party, at Glasgow in 1864, and the whole four were seized with a buzzing in the ears and took a walk—for the first time for weeks—that afternoon, and a trip to Loch Katrine the following morning.

Well let us see if Flowers cannot intelligibly *prove* the existence of God, and go it one better than Spinoza and Mansell put together.

And let us do it silly-logistically and *rigidly*, so that every atheist who has lovingly studied his Aldrich's logic—not that any of them apparently ever have—may not be able to gain-say.

PROOF I.

(In the FIGURE BARBARA, known to be the best of all.)

Everything made must have a maker.
Flowers are made.

Therefore Flowers have a Maker, and if so, His Name is God.

∴ There is a God.

PROOF II.

[In Barbara.]

The thing designed must have a designer.

The (phyllotaxy of) Flowers was designed.

Therefore Flowers have a Designer, and His Name is God.

PROOF III.

[In Barbara.]

Everything mathematically designed has a mathematical designer.

Flowers, as is shown by the mathematic law of phyllotaxy, are mathematically designed.

∴ Flowers have a mathematical Designer.

The phyllotaxy of Flowers is the arrangement of their parts round a central axis. It was ordered in the form of a fractional algebraic series, which always strikes me as having an element of the comical in it. Just as the shape of Cactuses and monkeys and the habits of some animals (including man) are distinctly comie.

The phyllotactical series I mean is :

$$\frac{0}{1}, \frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \frac{5}{8}, \frac{8}{13}, \text{ \&c.}$$

In this series it may be observed that each Numerator is the sum of the two preceeding Numerators, and each Denominator the sum of the two preceeding Denominators.

Colors are arranged in the same series. The rainbow contains

- 3 parts of red,
- 5 parts of yellow,
- 8 parts of green.

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And I have a strong notion that the color to the right and left of the series,—which insects can see,—as is shown by their frequenting it more than untinted light, when the rainbow is projected on a glass trough of water—which insects can, as I said, see, though they are invisible to man, will be found to extend the series to right and left, so that it will become 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, &c.

In the series

$$\frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \&c.,$$

as applied to plants, the Numerator gives the number of times the leaves must run round the stem before one leaf is exactly over another. And the Denominators give the number of leaves we count before this happens.

Thus opposite leaves are expressed by the fractions $\frac{1}{1} + \frac{1}{1}$
 Alternate leaves by $\frac{1}{2}$

The leaf-and-stem fraction or leaf-fraction—as I call it—of the Geranium is $\frac{2}{5}$

In the Pine we have to go right round the cone 44 times before we find one scale of the cone exactly over another, and 55 scales are counted in making the screw-like circuit.

This order is continued right up into the arrangement of the petals in the buds, till all culminates in the pistil, ovary or womb.

The law of gravitation is that every object in the world attracts every other object, that the stars attract the stars, and that I attract you and you (especially if of the female persuasion) attract me, in the exact proportion of

The weight of our bodies multiplied into
 the inverse ratio of the distance we are apart.

Every astronomer knows this law; every astronomer knows it was laid down by a mind. And every thoughtful

and metaphysically-inclined astronomer knows—as Pythagoras did—that this mind had a peculiar pleasure, just as Isaac Newton and some other men have had, in “dabbling,” so to speak, in mathematics.

There is another curious series, methinks, in the primal scheme after which the creation of the Plant World was originally blocked out.

Flora brought out her works in three Volumes :

The first has no seed leaves,	0
The second has 1 seed leaf,	1
The third has 2 seed leaves,	2
The parts of the flowers in the 2nd Vol. are in threes, or multiples of three,	3
Those in Vol. II. are in multiples of 4, 5 and (in the Ranunculi) ⁿ , or &c., i.e. an indefinite number.	

Hence we have the series 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., which I commend heartily to the Lucretian and other “fortuitous concurrence of atoms” theorists. Let them put it in their pipe and smoke it. It may have begun in my brain smoke. Let it end in theirs.

Not only do flowers prove the existence of God, but they give us some hints as to His character.

PROOF IV.

[In Barbara.]

The character of the work smacks more or less of the character of the worker.

Flower-work is beautiful, beneficent and happyfying.

∴ God has in His character an element of Beauty, Beneficence and Love.

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The whole arrangements of Flowers are ordered after strict Laws. Hence "Order is heaven's first law," as is exemplified in the contents of Peggoty's pockets in David Copperfield.

PROOF V.

[Not rigid.]

Flowers profit by and ensue cleanliness. They are self-dusters, and will keep themselves free from any ordinary amount of dust by means of the minute and incessant movement and vibration of every living particle in them.

If, then, Flowers ensue and profit by cleanliness, the God who made them may well have inspired the proverb "Cleanliness comes next to godliness," where I intend to put it in my otherwise alphabetical list of the Virtues, in my forth-to-come "Hand-book of Duty for the Use of Schools."

Now beauty, the strictest cleanliness, health, happiness, a long life, trust in God, a loving heart, all mutually aid and promote one another.

Hence He who has willed that man should enjoy one of these, intended that he should enjoy all of them. As God gave man life He surely intended man should live.

And if so, inasmuch as these blessings promote life, God clearly meant us to be cleanly and bathe or swim daily, and to be healthy, happy, and as full of kind and loving thoughts as

BILLY PRINGLE'S FIG.

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David Copperfield.

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PROOF VI.

TOBACCO.

"O weed, that art so rank and smell'st so fair!"

—Bacon's Othello *scrupus* of a cigar.

"Nicotiana affinis! The poor man's comfort, and the rich
man's joy."

—Montreal Witness.

Who made tobacco? Tell me, pray,
Now was it God or Devil?
If God, then who shall dare to say
HIS workmanship is evil.

O noble flower that tower'st above
Thy sisters of the field!
Whose petals, steeped in endless love,
Such rare aroma yield.

The only leaf whose texture fine
Can form the light cigar,
Which those who whiff ask not for wine,
Nor feel what sorrows are.

Beneath thy glow my troubles pale,
As earthly troubles can,
And thrills of grateful rapture hail
God's *thoughtfulness* for man.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

Author of "The Love-Sick Jap," &c.

Hyman's Cigar Store,

St. James St., Montreal.

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ANNIHILATIONISM IS RUBBISH.

"The 'Reductio ad Absurdum' has always been considered a rigidly logical disproof."

FIRST PROOF.—TENNYSON.

(*In Memoriam, Canto. XXXIV.*)

"My own dim life should teach me this;—
"That life shall live forevermore:"

For if not;—then,

"Earth is darkness at the core,
"And dust and ashes all that is."

Which is absurd,

∴ Life shall live for evermore.

Q. E. D.

SECOND PROOF.—TENNYSON.

Again,—If life shall not live for evermore,
"This round of green, this orb of flame,"
The world, is

"Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
"In some wild Poet—Emerson to wit—
"When he works without an object or an aim."

Which is absurd,

∴ Life shall live forevermore.

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THIRD PROOF.—TENNYSON.

(*In Memoriam, Canto. LV*)

"Shall man,"
Nature's "last work, who seemed so fair ;—
"Such splendid purpose in his eyes,"
"Who trusted *that* God was love indeed,
"And *that* love *was* creation's final law—
"Tho Nature, (red in tooth and claw
"With ravin) shrieked against the creed."

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
"Who battled for the True, the Just,
(*In vain if a Montreal alderman*),
"Shall he--shall man, who did all this,—
"Be blown about the desert dust,"

and end in a dust-bin? No! To think so were absurd.
Which is absurd.

∴ Man will not end in a dust-bin.
Q. E. D.

FOURTH PROOF—Arranged by EMBERSON.

What turns out to be true at every "stepping-off point" in science is the unexpected and incredible.

The Resurrection is unexpected and incredible.

∴ The Resurrection is probably true.

This syllogism has an undistributed middle and is worthless.—
It is only a strongly presumptive, inductive, approach to proof.

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CHAPTER VII.

FLOWERS PROVE THE IMMORTALITY
OF THE SOUL.

"Dismiss not so, with light, hard phrase and cold,
Ev'n if it be but fond imagining,
The hope whereto so passionately cling
The dreaming generations from of old!

Nay, tenderly, if needs thou must, disprove
My loftiest fancy, dash my grand desire
To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,
And truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze above
And round me; and to ask of my dead sire
His pardon for each word that wronged his love."

—*Watson.*

(But surely not my old friend E. L. ditto.)

Could the immortality of the Soul be proved rigidly, there would be no credit in believing it. It is when circumstances seem to prove without doubt the guilt of a lover, that the True Constancy of the Sweet Heart that believes in him, wins its most glorious crown.

To prove the immortality of the soul, we have, (1), the certainty of it as felt by truthful men, and (2), the disbelief in it felt by the wicked. "The wicked says there is no God, because he doesn't want one," as Clough writes. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" If he hadn't been a fool he wouldn't have said it. We have (3), the greater or less degree of the certainty of immortality varying roughly with the truth and goodness of a man's heart.

IMMORTALITY

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—Watson.

my old friend E. L. ditto.)

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This would seem to satisfy Bacon's and Mills' three tests of Inductive Certainty, which are

- 1.—Agreement ;—"Instantice Convenientes."
- 2.—Disagreement ;—"Instantice Negativæ."
- 3.—Concomitant Variation ;—"Instantice Secundum majus et minus."

and to prove by *rigid* induction the Immortality of the Soul.

But man naturally looks to the Natural World for indications of the laws of the Spiritual World.

The more I observe, the more startling I find to be the similarity, amounting almost to identity, of the laws of

- 1.—The Material World.
- 2.—The Mechanical and Mathematical Worlds.
- 3.—The Moral World.

Now those who will not willfully shut their eyes to the fact that there IS such a thing as Duty and Goodness, cannot but see that there is a Spiritual World. They will find that many of the laws of other worlds apply to this. As for instance the Pendulum and the Grand Law of Pulsation ; the Law that excess is followed by reaction ; the Law of Compensation, that all loss is accompanied by some gain, and *vice versa* ; the Law of Everlasting Conservation of Energy, and many others.

Now as to flowers ;—what can "high instincts groping about in a world not realized," infer from flowers as to the immortality of that fraternal fish which, to judge by fishmongers' shops always swim about in pairs, white side to white side and brown side out, I mean of course that amphibious shell-fish and little h'animal which can't live on the land and dies in the water,—

THE HUMAN SOLE.

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Trees and plants sleep daily. Our daily sleep followed by the bright feeling of morning has always been taken as a type of Immortality. Learn by heart Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as I am doing. It is an *Education in itself*, and will teach you this.

Besides the sleep every day, there is the actual *death* of trees every winter. Trees do not merely *seem* to die. They *do* die. They *are* dead.

The only live parts of a tree are (1) the leaves, and (2) the cambium layer. These in winter cease to exist. And yet the tree comes to life again in the Spring!

Hang up geraniums in the winter in a dry place, roots uppermost, and they die.

Plant them out in the Spring, they will revive. And the earliest grand garden in Montreal, before greenhouses were thought of, had scarlet fever every spring with horse-shoe geraniums wintered over in this way, and *dead*, months before they were planted!

Similarly, my friend Mr. Maltby tells me that he had a tank of fish in an outhouse frozen solid one winter. And yet these nate little fish all lived to sing, mutely, in the joyous spring sun that glorious hymn,

"Revive us again."

Florists have an expression:—"This plant is dead. But I think I can '*bring it back*.' " And they often do.

This reminds me of a beautiful French expression. When I went to ask after my dear friend la bienheureuse Sœur Nativité, who was slowly dying of old age at the Mother House of the Sisters of Providence, Montreal, the fair portress, (the fair portresses we see at Convents are always as pretty as the other Sisters, are freed from such a temptation to vanity), said of her "*Elle diminue toujours*." and methinks I see my sainted friend—who nursed the small-pox patients in a Montreal hospital *alone* through one small-pox scare—growing less and less, "*diminishing*" ever, as she mounted to heaven, until like Gray's Skylark,

"She melts in air and liquid light."

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House of the Sis-
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the other Sisters,
said of her "Elle
inted friend—who
pital *alone* through
liminishing" ever,
lark,

The seed, like the egg, has always been taken as suggestive of immortality. That is why eggs are eaten at Easter—another form by the way of the word Yeaster, or the Feast of Yeast-rising—of which potato emptyin's and my friend Fleishman's Patent Yeast, are, I think, the best varieties.

Those who wish for other proofs of the Immortality of that amphibious, and too often selfish, shell-fish—the human sole—amphibious, because, if immortal, it lives on the land and cannot die in the water, should buy my startling novel "The Love-Sick Jap," from my friend Mr. Wm. Drysdale, 232 St. James street, Montreal.

The inhuman soul is, I think, mortal and dies with inhumanity. "The wages of sin is death." What can "death" be but "Cessation of life," as says W. W. Robertson.

"Who can believe in the immortality of beef?" said my friend Dr. S. B. Watson, pointing to the gluttonous eyes of one of my fellow-patients, as he wolfishly eyed the supper coming in on a tray one evening at Beaconsfield!

Practically no man *can* deny that the Soul is immortal. For if it be not so, it certainly pays to act and speak as if it were so, which is all that concerns us. And as to what becomes of us after death, why need we be anxious so long as we keep our hand in God's and have daily, nay, hourly, proof of his loving leading and constant doing us good.

If a child, taken by its father on a tour in a strange country, receive every needed comfort from a father's hand, and, almost daily, some fresh pleasure and surprise, irrelevant would it indeed be for it to keep fretting its gizzard into fiddle-strings by worrying about what the father would do with it, after taking it

"HOME."

"There is no place like Home."

Certainly I find my home, at the Hospital at Verdun, pleasant enough.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PARSEE SICKENS.

"The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well,—the devil a monk was he."

—*Folklore.*

One morning after our usual sparring bout and dumb-bell and club exercise was over,—for he always kept himself as gaunt as a greyhound and in trim for a lightweight championship, and as happy as a pilot-signal. Well, one morning, sez I-to-him-sez I:—

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Wilyam!" sez he, "do u kno what that witty prophet of yours, Paul sez, when he wants to say, 'Mind you, I am only boasting.'"

"If you had thort I knew, sir," sed I, "you wouldn't hav askt me."

"Well, Willum," sez he, "He sez, 'I speak as a fool.' 'To boast,' with Paul, was 'to speak as a fool.'"

"To say, 'I am not afraid to die,' is to boast. 'The proof of the pudden is the eating,' and 'let not him that sharpens his boarding cutlass for a cutting-out party, boast as him who gives it up to the armorer after the fray.'"

"When I am dead, Wilyam," sez he, with a wicked twinkle in those little almond-shaped eyes of 'isn, "When I am ded, Willum, then you can say if I was afraid to die. But remember Will," sez he, "If I di, remember no man is dead till he's berrid. And don't you fret your gizzard one hand's turn, till you see the Union Jack



snatched off, and me shot into eighty fathom of water. For that's about the distance a man sinks, a floating purpendicoolar, with a slot tied to his petitoes!"

These were his werry words, or something different. And a mity comfort they were to me, as I'll explain later on.

"Bill," sez he, after a sitting over the fire, and a chucklin' and a grinnin' to hizzelf, like a ape at a monkey show, for nearly arf-an-our.

"Bill!" sez he, "Do u think I look very well this mornin'?"

"Well, sir," sez I, "there seems to be suthin mity curious a goin' on in yoor reidikerlus faculties."

That's it, Bill, sez he, "The ridiculus is mity close connected with the humerus, and the humerus is in the arm, and I must have strained my forearm in trying to reach that there snub nose of yourn, when we were a boxin' this morning."

"Bill!" sez he, "send for the doctor."

So the doctor cum. And he felt his pulse, and sed it beat mity low, and he was altogether pale and out of sorts. And then the doctor blew his speaking-trumpet over his lungs, front side.

And he put his ear to his back and his right side.

And he thumped his left and his right side. And if the little cuss hadn't been ill, the doctor would ha made him so.

And he smelt his inside, outside, bottomside and topside. For a man you see has eight sides. Which, perhaps, is why so many people put on a lot of side.

And then the doctor sed "he had 'dig-nosed' him at last."

Now the doctor who was a thirsty sole, for the sole is always a thirsty fish. And the only water the doctor took, was strong waters. And he took 'em early to clear his 'ed. And he had an amazin' eccentricity of allus putting the wrong medicines in the

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ing purpenticoolar, with a

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for the sole is always
ctor took, was strong
'ed. And he had an
ong medicines in the

wrong bottles. And so we always chucked 'em out of the nearest
port hole, soon as they were served out. And so when some pills
for him to gargie himself with, and a jar, labelled lunar caustic, for
him to swaller, and a blister the size of a skys'l, cum, for the in-
valid to sit upon, we just wrapped up pills and jar in the blister,
and heaved 'em overboard.

And if that was done with all medicine the world wouldn't
need any.

Well, that day he ate nuthin', tho' he rattled out such a suc-
cession of jokes in an ever-weakenin' voice, that I didn't know
wether to larf or cry. But I just kept busy and cheerful as he told
me. For of corse, I knew that if there was a 'even, that he, like
Nelson, would walk slap in.

And the next morning he sent and asked the captain's leaf,
saying as 'ow the doctor had sed that he mite one day di o' short-
ness o' breath, and that so he would like to have a Symposium of
the forcs'l mess, as it was mostly composed of old fishermen, on
the "Immortality of the Sole." For the Sole is the king of fishes,
cos it always swims in pairs.

And we nun of us nu wat a Symposium was, so we cum to the
conclusion it was summat to eat.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE NOX AMBROSIANA OF THE FORCS'L MESS.

"And a pretty mess they made of it."

— *Captain Cook.*

Well, as four bells struck, we all filed, single-file, out of the forcs'l, up the fore-ladder, along the main deck, and as we passed the chains, there was Miss Olive at her orisons as usual. And knowin' as she must ha' found out, that it was just nip and tuck wether our little passenger kicked or no, I thort she might ha' shown more feeling, for she larft till she shook all over, as she saw our procession parss.

We were all of us in our go-ashore togs and carried our knife and fork, as we did when asked to a spread by another mess, havin', as I sed, cum to the conclusion that a Sim po syum was suthin to eat. All but Tom Plainsailin', who always cum to a conclusion the directest hopposite of what everybody else's was. He smoked it over and cum to the idee that a sim po syon was a sort of Japanee-Parsee funeral-rehearsal. So he cum in his go-to-meetin' Methodis' shore-togs, all black, all too big for 'im, and a tall white hat with crape or suthin' black all around it, as solemn as a mute at a black-berryin'.

Well, I had rigged up the little cusses cabin just as he had told me to. He had had all the cabin hung with blac winder blinds, and all lights hid. And hammocks for each member of the mess was slung around the table, for we had red over together the article simmyposium and Deipnon in the Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities," he had among all the pile o' boox, that made up

THE FORCS'L MESS.

made of it."

— *Captain Cook.*

ed, single-file, out of the
deck, and as we passed
orisons as usual. And
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boox, that made up

the main heft of his luggage, and we had found that the ainshunts alluz lied down at their vittles, and pretty 'ard work they must er had a swallerin' of the same.

And as for the vittles, he had a big pile of sea-biscuit, just what we had been a priming ourselves with, in case a simposium wasn't nothink to eat after all.

And at the tother end of the table was the ornerest mess of rope-ends of mess beef you ever clap'd it's on.

Now, as all the world knows, the beef for all the men o' war, all the world over, is made of old Bristol cab-'orses. That's a coz the 'orses are worked the hardest there, and the pavements are fanged with the most murderousest stones you ever see.

And so he had a little signal card stuck in the junk o' beef, on which he had made me rite in print letters, the first two lines of the shanty we mutter as we hook up the beef out of the meat cask. I mean of corse:—

"— your eyes and — your bones,
That rattled long o'er Bristol stones."

For he had told me to blank out the swear words, as it was

A SOLEMN OCCASION.

And dacency forbids my tellin' wat he had stuck up as a mixin' bowl, a crater he called it, becoz, I suppose, it originally cum from Veshuvius. Well, he had a little cup round at the bot-
tom, so that the drinker had to empty it hen-tirely, and set it on
the table, mouth down, like a hooked shark on a main-deck.
This, he said, was the original shape of a tumbler, which was call-
ed a tumbler coz it tumbled down when u tried to set it up. And
what the mixture he put in that there mixin' bowl was I never nu,
for he crawl'd out o' bed, and did it hisself wen I was out of the
room.

But as each man took 'is cup, he drunk it down, and smiled quite pleasant, and parsed the cup for me to fill for his nabber, and said it was werry good and he had never tasted anything like it afore, and then he muttered that he never 'oped to taste anything like it agin, but as each swallered it, he looked mity blac at the feller who had just been a praisin' of it, and felt for his gully as if he wished to as assassinate 'im. But when it cum to my turn, I just turned my back on the company, and poured it down behind my belly-band, and chuckled tremenjus. And' he had borerd a skull from Mr. Racey the Electrician, which he kept nailed up in his cabin to study horse-tea-ology from, to lay the foundation of the science o' drorin' the 'eds of 'orses.

And he had had the electric light arranjd so that after tea it lit the room thro' the i-sockets and nose-oles and the grinning teeth, of that 'ere identical skull.

And when Tom Plainsailin' claped eyes on the show, he faced the rest and crowed, as bully as a game cock:—

"I TOLD YE IT WAS A PARSEE FUNERAL PRACTIS."

And he appints me captain and Lord I Hadmiral of the hole circus:—"harbiter bibendi," he called it in Japanee.

And I ups and sez:—

"Now, Mr. Racey, this 'ere feast o' raisins and flo er sole, is to discuss the himmortallity of that there identical amphibious shellfish,"—a speekin' figgerativly and pilin' in hepitbets that don't apply as the poets doz. For it was a solemn occasion. "Wat's your idee on this 'ere little sarcumstance."

"Well," sez Mr Racey, and he spoke quite seriously.

"To me the immortality of the soul follows, as an immediate deduction from the goodness of God. There is an argument well known to logicians which runs thusly:—

"If there are more hairs on a man's head than there are men

drunk it down, and smiled
me to fill for his naber, and
ever tasted anything like it
ever 'oped to taste anything
he looked mity blac at the
it, and felt for his gully as
t when it cum to my turn, I
and poured it down be-
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and than there are men

in the world, two men at least have the same number of hairs on their pericranium.

"Now, if a man sees this, he sees it, and you can't persuade him to the contrary. If he don't see it, he don't see it, and it's a little use trying to make him see it. For it has never yet been reduced to a series of syllogisms. To me the Infinite and Eternal Life of the Soul follows as a direct inference from the goodness of God, from the existence of such an infinite delight as music, and such infinite beauty as is to be found in flowers, and every pure-minded and innocent woman. Here we all thought of Miss O'ive.

"All the really great forces in the world," he added, "are invisible and not to be touched, tasted, handled or seen. Such are Electricity, Heat, Light, Moral Influences, such as enthusiasm and panic. Character, which is as identical with the Soul as concave is with convex, is just such a force.

"For these forces are known only by their effects, and the effects of Character are more potent than them all. Character, as Ruskin has shewn, moulds the gross form as well as the exact unit of the angular degree of a crystal. Character raises most dogs above the average moral level of humanity. Character will assimilate to itself the very shape of a man's or woman's boots. No so sure test of anyone's character and breeding as his boots."

"Especially if he goes bare-foot," growled Plainsailin.

"And even if the Soul were not Immortal, which it certainly is, it is our plain duty to assume that it is, and act on the assumption. It makes us wiser, happier and better men.

"And then again the reductio ad absurdum has always been acknowledged to be a rigid, logical proof, and it must therefore be acknowledged as proven, that the Soul is immortal, because the idea that it is not so, leads to absolute absurdity, to utter self-indulgence, utter listlessness, recklessness and suicide."

Tennyson has shewn this in his "*In Memoriam*."

"Life shall live for evermore."

If it were NOT so.

....."Earth were darkness at the core,
And all that is" (were) "dust and ashes."

"This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty,—such as lurks
In some WILD POET (Emerson) when he works
Without an object or an aim" (Except amusing himself)

And if this were so it were best for the 1,500,001 persons in the world ('mostly fools') to sink to peace (and pieces) and commit suicide. Which is absurd. Therefore it is so, that

"Life shall live for evermore."

Q. E. D.

When Mr. Racey sat down, 'Tom Plainsailin', being used to spout at Methodist' prayer meetings, jumped out of his hammock and spun his yarn:—

"As to the Immortality of the Soul," sed he, "I don't deny I am strictly a Methodist',—here he scowled at me—"and therefor I'm strictly orthodox, and all that. Orthodoxy is my doxy, and eterodoxy is sumbody else's doxy. As to the strictly Methodist' and horthodox doctrine about the himmortality of the Soul, I, of course, believes it all and so on, and I've the less difficulties in swallerin' it acoz I don't understand a word of it.

"But now for the plain common sense of the matter, *which is quite a different thing*. It's just this, God made a lot of soles, and it's rank nonsense to suppose H'ed let 'em di after he'd a made 'em. As soon as we di, our soul goes into somebody else's sole, and becomes a new creature. Moses and the Bible itself speaks of becoming a new creeture."

Here he looked triumphant.

In Memoriam."

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"As for punishment, the punishment comes on as the man is actually engaged in sinnin. As he is a drinking, as he is a indulging himself to excess in any of the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the hi and the pride of life, the punishment is a being stored up in the seeds of a edache the next mornin', or even of a rotting of the whole body later on when the devil forecloses his mortgage. As append to a messmate of mine, whose very flesh turned black and dropped in pieces, from 'is bones in that Jolly place, the General Hospital, Montreal, Canada, where we're a sailin' to. But he was a bad un he woz And when a man is a lyin' or a cheatin', he is just a lowerin' of hisself in the scale o' creation, which is worse still. Well, when we di, of corse, we don't di, any fool knows that, we just turn into another animal, or hentity, ier or lower in the scale o' creation, accordin' as we raised ourself i-er or lower in life.

Here Jimmy Plain-sailing, Presbyterian, jumped up, and with threatening forefinger extended, cried and said :—

"The Allegation is false and the Alligator knows it."

"No man can be saved unless he holds—hard and fast—stem and stern—back-stay and fore-stay—by the Westminster Catechism, as I do."

"And what it teaches, I don't know and I don't care."

"This is good, true, plain sailin' by the compas, and any man who sails different, don't know nothin' o' navigation, or anythin' else."

"But as for the stiff, sound, orthodox Evanjelical doctrin on this and all other subjects, of course, I believe that too, every word of it, tho' as I said afore, I haven't the least idea what it is."

"And now, Mr. Drysdale," gasped my master. "What are your high deers on this ere subject?"

"My i deers," said Drysdale, "are the plain common sense of

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the matter. Any one who does not agree with me is a fool and knows nothing of Logics."

"As the Soul is by definition the Immortal Part of the man, it wood be pretty tuf if the Sole worn't himmortal. Howse that for Logix?...Eh?"

"Tell him," hoarsely whispered my master, "It combines the *petitio principii*, the *argumentum baculinum* and the *argumentum asininum*."

"H'its a jam," roared I, "Of the Titio Scipii, the hargimentum baccy-linum and the hargimentum kicyerassininum."

"Then," sez he triumphantly, "It MUST be right."

"Besides," sez he, "a man aint got one soul, he's got eight soles."

"EIGHT SOLES!" roared Plainsailin', "Take that you him-pius hinfidel haytheistical hargyfyin haythen."

And in an access of pious fervour Plainsailin hurled the tea-pot which wasn't in the room strait at is 'ed.

Drysdale cort it cleverly by the handle, poured hisself out a cup of tea, sugared it, swallered it and went on:—

"As every man knows there are on every ship eight bells, no less and no more. And every one but a land-lauper (land-loafer) or land-lubber knows on a Man-o'-War there are eight ropes, no more and no less. I mean

1. The Man-rope.
2. The Tow-rope.
3. The Foot rope.
4. The Bell-rope.
5. The Bucket-rope.

"And we'll throw in 3 for luck. That makes 8."

"And so of course it follows that there are eight soles and no

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more and no less in every man, wether he be a Man-o'-War or a Man-o'-Peace."

"First, he's got a sole, that we'll call A Sole. Then, if he eats a biled sole and has it inside 'im that's a B Sole."

"Biled sole," muttered Plainy, who had once shipped as ship's cook. "You means a briled sole. If you bile 'em you spile 'em. You should ile em and brile 'em."

"Then," went on Drysdale, "if he has a inner sole to his boots, that's a inner sole, and closely connected, I suppose, with what they call the Inner Consciousness and the 'Inner Voice,' of which that snob Tennyson speaks."

For Drysdale had once got so hard up as to hire out as a bookseller's apprentice and was an eddicated man.

"This," he went on, "we will call the I Sole. Then if he wears rubbers, there's his rubber sole, this we'll call his R Sole. Then there's the sole of his boot or shoe. This we'll call his B Sole No. 2. This makes eight soles, throwing in 3 for luck, for 'There's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'More. For the letters A.B.I.R.S. in their numerical meaning in Daniel and the Appycaplips mean 8 or 800."

And he sat down happily triumphant, and the rest sat mum, staggered, but, alas! not convinced.

"And now, passenger," sez I to the Parsee, "you look a mity sight too ill to speak," here tears almost cum to my eyes, and my voice trembled in spit of all he said about keepin' my pecker up, and so forth. So just give us that little treatis, u must hav been a ritin on this 'ere subjec, or you wouldn't er asked us to this 'ere confabulation.

And 'e winked with one eye and pulled out a little "monner-grarfs" as he called it, which will appear word for word in the next chapter.

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And I served round a copy of this 'ere monnergrarf, neatly done up in a big envelope, and directed in 'is own 'and, to each member of the Mess, and one over, with an O for Olive, in the corner of it. And, if you'll believe me, inside each enverlope was a five-pun note.

And I speaks up and sez, sez I :—

"And now, gentlemen, this is the hend of this eer hendtertainment, and u may as well report for duty."

Them's was my very words, or something different, for why should I deceive you?

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CHAPTER XII.

Parsee Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul.

So-called proofs from Analogy stay many minds. But analogy cannot, strictly speaking, prove. Its chief use is to illustrate and to give clear comprehension.

An old question:—"Which was made first, the egg or the hen?" The answer may be made that the germ-egg was the germ-hen, and the germ-hen was the germ-egg. The nucleus of an atom of protoplasm divides. It starts a new and second cell. The two cells subdivide and make many cells. These assume the shape of a bag or stomach, and Lo! we have the first two stages of the human, and all other animal, embryos. If the cells order themselves without forming a stow-muck, we have plants.

The egg seems a poor type of Immortality, even when Easter-tide makes the mind

" . . . Delightedly believe
Divinities, being itself Divine."

The Chrysalis—the grub that, like baked potatoes, makes the butterfly—is a far better example of coming to life again. The facts that

1. In it the wings are seen beneath the cerements ; that
2. The Indo-Germanic instinctive adumbration of
truth invests angels with wings ; and that
3. Proceeding from a "worm," it passes through a
practical death to a winged most happy existence
that seems to need no grosser aliment.

These three facts have always seemed to quick imaginations, as much matters of Preternatural as of Natural, History.

The very Greek word "Psychee," a butterfly," was used by them for "Soul," when the idea soul entered into one of their philosophies.

It has been said before that Analogy cannot prove; can only illuminate.

If, however, there be many known similarities between two objects, and if a certain circumstance produces a known effect upon one of them, we are more or less justified in assuming that it will produce a similar effect upon the other.

This is merely in accordance with the fourth of the logical axioms which lie as the bases of all inductive reasoning; to wit, that:—"A will continue to be A, till something occurs to stop it."

Again, if two objects pass through a series of states with similar relations between these states, and the one is observed to pass into a further state as a result of the last known term of the series, then we are justified in assuming that we will find a similar result follow, when observable, to the other object in the other series.

For instance,—Tom and Luke have a good Lennoxville classical and mathematical training. They learn the game of whist from Hoyle, Cavendish and Emberson's (mostly stolen) doggrel rules. They practise whist together and watch for the penultimate and antepenultimate trump signals, &c. They play with Thomas and Lucas, who have never learnt whist well. They win 9 games out of 16, playing short whist. Similarly Si and Jack have a good English public-school education. They learn the game of whist, the only way to learn anything, by reading and practise. Here we have Tom and Dick for the first part, and Si and Jack, for the second part, passing throo a series of 3 similar states, (1), A good education; (2), Special training, and (3),

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practise. Tom and Luke pass into a 4th state,—that of being pitted against muffs, Thomass and Lucass. They beat these muffs 9 games out of 16. Then if Si and Jack are pitted against 2 muffs Silass and Jackass, may we not be *sure* they will beat these muffs; and, assuming that the 4 knowing ones are equal in knowledge and the 4 muffs equal in being boas, then the latter pair of experts will *in the long run* beat the tenderfeet exactly the same number of games out of a 100.

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Flowers have sometimes been held by the highest minds to give the highest indications and foreshadowments of God's goodness. They may well, therefore, be expected to teach the highest truths.

Now, plants are born, grow, eat, assimilate, breathe, self-heal, fight for survival, sleep and die like man. They sleep daily. Perennials die annually. Now—and this is a point hitherto unobserved—in winter, trees and other perennials do not *seem* dead: they *are* dead! The only living parts of a plant are the leaves and the cambium layer. The "heart," the heart-wood, the skin, the barks, the liber and the epidermis are dead.

"Dead as herrings that are red."

Like the bark of a tree they can be replaced by brown paper, or, like the disappeared part of hollow oaks, be almost done without altogether.

And yet, every spring, the *dead* tree comes to life again.

So will man, if his character is such that it will be good for him to live again.

God is good. When we die we can leave ourselves to Him to do what is best for us; to annihilate us, to revive us, to torture us if He will. If the torture is to work for our moral good—the only good worthy of the name—then, welcome torture.

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If God could aimlessly torture anybody or anything He would not be God but the Devil.

* * *

Finally, our nightly sleep may well seem a nightly reminder and type of death. Nightly as it deliciously steals over us, and we "grasp the boon of the gods," let us delightedly thank Him.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Of course. If he hadn't been a fool he wouldn't have said it.

Disbelief in the existence of a God,—Disbelief in God's goodness, and fear of that self-contradictory absurdity, a material (!) and localised (!) Hell, is a frequent cause, and, therefore, (of course), effect also, of insanity.

WHAT GOOD MAN EVER DOUBTED THE EXISTENCE OF GOD?

Read the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

And here we humbly beg his pardon for vexing his righteous soul—beg pardon again—he says he hasn't got a soul—of a notorious military gentleman in the United States, with his kith and kin, who, having every earthly comfort themselves, make it a matter of conscience and coppers—hot coppers sometimes—to go round taking away from those who have got nothing else, the only consolation they have—Their belief in God and heaven.

Take the case of that military Yankee gentleman, who, having discarded the Bible as uninteresting, devotes in his drawing-room a special table in itself to

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

The filthiest, dirtiest, smuttiest drivel ever written. And when doing the honors to the visitors who come to his shrine, he proudly and Yankee-conceitedly points to it and says :—

"THIS IS MY BIBLE."

Oh :

or anything He would

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sly steals over us, and
lightedly thank Him.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SOME HAPPY DEATHS.

One good proof of the Immortality of the Soul is the death-bed
of the Saints.

"Ah! Garrick!" said Dr. Johnson, pointing to his fine
pictures and luxurious surroundings, "These are the things
which make a death-bed hard"

THE DEATH OF YORK.

King Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Ex. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood was he.

Lx. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
As, in this glorious and well foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry."
Upon these words I came and cheered him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says, . . . "Dear my Lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."

So he did turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

RABELAIS.

"Apporte moi donc mon Domino," disait le bon pere, en mourant. "N'est ce pas vrai que *"Bonum est in Domino mori"* Rabelais.

"Let us sing a laud, for is it not a good thing to die in the Lord," said the dying Rabelais. And these were his last words.

A good man and a priest, must have walked with God as his own familiar friend for many years, before he could die trustfully with such a jest on his lips as this.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More, whose single blemish was that he showed himself, if anything, too ridiculously loyal to his "Tiger master," when being executed for high treason, because he persisted in holding his tongue, instead of telling a lie to please Henry VIII., was told by the headsman that his beard was in the way of the axe. He quietly pushed it aside, saying, with perfect good temper, "I suppose my poor beard needn't be chopped off for high treason."

SOCRATES.

Socrates, when being executed for saying what every cultured man of his day thought, after putting the conduct of his accusers

in as excusable a light as possible, calmly drank the infusion of hemlock plant which was then the means of capital punishment.

When the cold had mounted his legs and reached his body, and death was absolutely certain, he quietly told one of his disciples to "go and offer a cock to Aesculapius," the then God of Healing.

A more subtle flash of humor can, surely, hardly be imagined. It was as bright and happy, as the "Deja?" of the French wit to his dying friend, who said he was "suffering the torments of the damned," was bitter and almost fiendish. Aesculapius was, as we learn from Aristophanes, the most disreputable and despised of all the Greek goddikins, and the idea that he could cure one whose body was icily stiffening with death, must have seemed inexpressibly comical to the man who ever obeyed a Higher Voice, and looked upon death merely as that which would make him in all probability (for he had not the Christian Certainty) go where he would see his Daimon, his "Guide, Counsellor and Friend," face to face, and live with Him for ever.

BESSIE GAUNT.

(From *Macaulay*.)

Burton was saved from death by an ancient matron of the Anabaptist persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt.

This woman had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the jails.

Her compassionate disposition, led her to do anything in her power for the fugitive. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money, which, for her means, was very large

It was noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels, than against

the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the Government, and he gave information against Elizabeth Gaunt. She was brought to trial. The villain whose life she had preserved, had the heart and the forehead to appear as the principal witness against her, and she was sentenced to the stake.

Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. She left a paper, written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror.

"My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it."

To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox.

William Penn saw Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterward related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, all the bystanders burst into tears. Since that terrible day, no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence.

Underneath this my Master had written in his own hand, thusly:—"Similarly since, a man roasted his game-cock alive, basting him with his own hands, because he had been defeated, cock-fighting has been a penal offence. Since the Virgin wept beneath the cross, woman has begun to be the equal or superior, instead of the slave and toy of man. And the martyrs, burnt where I have revered the cross in the pavement of Broad street, Oxford, lit a fire in England which shall never die out till all shall cease to believe that a man can chew, swallow, digest and evacuate his Maker.

PRINCE ALBERT.

I always despised Prince Albert when he was alive, with all the ignorance and prejudice of a raw Oxford Undergraduate, but I could never read of his death without tears.

"Tears which joy perplex for utterance
Stole from her sister sorrow."

All can find the plain account of it in any good contemporary history or magazine.

Enough to say that he who had quietly passed his whole life in utter forgetfulness of self—in the highest aims with the lowest appreciation, in humiliations (and therefore humility) which no one of lower station could possibly experience, in love for the very wife who humiliated him—passed away from Sleep to Death in the room he loved best, facing the prospect he loved best, like a Mahomedan tasting the adumbration of heaven in heavenly sunset and hearing the dying lullaby of his favourite daughter singing his favourite hymn!

"I have had such happy dreams," said he to Alice Guelph, when he awoke from a short quiet sleep just before he died.

And then he slept again and woke elsewhere.

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Flowers.

There is nothing like flowers to soothe an overwrought brain. Often after overworking myself in the day, have I turned into my friend, Mr. Martin's hothouses feeling as if life was barely worth living, and come out as happy and rested as if I had taken a new lease of life.

Those who need flowers will do well to buy them from
A. MARTIN, Florist, 2508 St. Catherine St. Tel. 4348.

Dress.

"To be dressed modestly and becomingly is a great help to happiness"—L. J.

It is well to know that Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods of any color, or of mixed materials in Gentlemen's Dress or other Suits, Ladies' Dresses, Evening or Ball Dresses, Dolmans, &c., can be successfully cleaned without ripping or removing the trimmings. This is done by a new process called "French Cleaning."

Antimacassars, Colored Silk, Floss, Plush or Velvet Covers, Curtains, &c., and all kinds of expensive knick-knacks can be thus cleaned.

Its great advantages are as follows:—Colors will not run or change; no displacement of padding; stiffenings are left firm and hard: the clothes will fit and set as when first made; there is absolutely no strain or wear on the material, and there is positively no shrinkage. The finer the goods the better the work.

Send for pamphlet to the **BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**, Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners, 2435 Notre Dame, 221 McGill, and 1595 St. Catherine Streets, Montreal.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

— FOR —

**Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and all
Lung Affections.**

AN IMMEDIATE AND PROMPT CURE.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum is a carefully compounded preparation of Spruce Gum with its balsamic, soothing, expectorant and tonic properties preserved and strengthened. It furnishes the only satisfactory and reliable means by which the beneficial effects of Spruce Gum can be obtained and its remarkable curative power in all throat and lung troubles enjoyed.

Spruce Gum has long been used in Canada as a specific in Coughs and Colds, and its use dates back to the earliest recorded times. The methods of preparing the Gum as a remedy were all unsatisfactory and until the introduction of Gray's Syrup its excellent qualities were largely lost by want of the technical skill needful to present its valuable constituents in a soluble and easily assimilable form. Now all the remedial good of this well-known Gum is given to the public in the pleasant and palatable remedy, Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

CAUTION.—Be careful when buying Gray's Syrup to get it, because many imitations have been offered to the public by unscrupulous manufacturers who have copied closely the external appearances of Gray's Syrup, its bottle, labels and wrappers; these piracies are dangerous as their makers, being unable to produce a true Syrup of Spruce Gum, have contented themselves with getting a fluid resembling in appearance the genuine Syrup, while leaving out the Spruce Gum and other valuable ingredients.

Several of these imitations have been exposed in the courts and their sale forbidden, but as new ones are occasionally brought out it is necessary to issue this warning. Action is promptly taken against infringements as soon as they are brought to our notice.

KERRY, WATSON & CO.,

Wholesale Druggists, Sole Proprietors,

MONTREAL.

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A Startling Prophecy.

Written A. D. 70!

Unus Pelleo Juveni non sufficit orbis
Quum tamen a figulis munitam intraverat urbem
Sarcophago contentus erit.

(Englished.)

—JUVENAL.

The old world did not content Alexander the
Great (Philanthropist,)
But when he had got to the city ringed in by pot-
tering aldermen
His dining hall contents him well.

MORAL—LUNCHAT ALEXANDER'S.

I have travelled in England, Scotland, Wales, France,
the Channel Islands, the dis-United States and Canada, and
have nowhere found a more delightful place wherein to take
a delicate repast than Alexander's.

LITL YÔKR.

Is not good, clean, dainty food a main factor in health
happiness, digestion (another name for happiness), and a
good clean moral character?—EMBERSON.

Emberson's Rules for Health.

Endorsed by my friends, Drs. OSLER & STEWART.

"Throw physic to the dogs.
I'll have none of it."

—*Bacon.*

"Ozonic air is the Secret of Life."

—*Love-sick Jap.*

1. FRESH AIR.

Out of doors.—Two hours each day *at least*. A walk before breakfast on an empty stomach—your *own* empty stomach—is the *real* secret of the notorious German "Bath-haus" cures. My friend Dr. Burgess, kindest of men, reminds me of our rule when training for the Eights at Oxford, which was "If walking on an empty stomach makes you faint, walk on a biscuit."

In doors.—Have a window open, as the Empress of Austria does, day and night, with a heavy curtain, if necessary, to prevent draft. It is by this that Sir Andrew Clark has kept Queen Victoria alive and sane so long. Temperature :—68 by day, 60 by night.

2. DIET.—Light and somewhat laxative ; full of phosphate ; *e.g.*, milk, eggs, whole-wheat bread, fresh hard-tack, Epps' cocoa, fruits, raw and cooked, Lyman's Fluid Coffee, fresh apple-cider, oysters, no candies.
3. OCCUPATION.—Nearly continuous, to prevent brooding. Not exhaustive ;—useful, to inspire self-respect and put a man in harmony with God's good providence,—pleasant and, if possible, ornamental.

4. SLEEP.—Should, like charging, discharging, prayer and all the other functions of nature, be, as much as possible, at exactly the same hour every day. Sleeplessness may be cured by a long swim in tepid water, like that at the lovely Turkish Bath Hotel, 140 St. Monique Street, Montreal, or by cold or hot baths. By loafing in the open air all day long without fatigue. By a *long* drive in the open air and then straight to bed. Avoid drugs.
5. GODLINESS AND MORAL TREATMENT.—What use are sickly people? Kill 'em. Kill 'em with kindness. Let 'em have their own way in everything, with a smile, so far as you can without injury to themselves or others. Encourage them to prayer, song and gymnastics.
6. CLEANLINESS, of course, comes next to Godliness.. Bathe daily, or wash yourself all over with wet hands. Rub and slap the body.
7. SOCIETY.—Pleasant smiling faces. Old friends, and people we can trust, and with whom we are quite at our ease. Avoid disagreeable people, don't go near them.
8. EXERCISE.—Gardening and horse-back riding are sovereign. Walks, with an object if possible, such as Botany, &c., are indispensable. To ride horse-back one day and take a walk the next is perfection. Those too weak to walk far should drive. Those who can afford to give wife, child or sister such drives and do not do so are worse than the *ordinary* variety of murderers.
9. BOOKS.—Those which will make you laugh—Aristophanes, (Frere's \$1, at W. Foster Brown's.) Dickens', Dumaaurier, Hood, Plautus. Molière, Gil Blas, Don Quixote and "THE YARN OF THE LOVE-SICK JAP,"—the most ridiculous book in the world.

10. CURES.—For a cold!—Stay in bed till it is well. Cough!—Gargle with luke warm milk and honey and Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. Check the coughing.

11. DRESS.—As light as you can stand. Let it be comfortable above all things, and porous. "Lacing" is worse than wicked, it's vulgar. The real blue blood of England got sick of wasp-waists with resulting red noses and waspish tempers and cold feet and hands long ago; even before they began to play Lawn Tennis, the best game in the world for girls who wish to be girls.

12. REST.—The nervous and exhausted should lie down an hour at noon daily, and think what they have done during the past twenty-four hours to vex themselves or others and *write down* some rule to prevent their ever being so foolish again.

13. DOCTORS.—

Dr. Ease and Dr. Diet,
Dr. TRUST and Dr. Quiet.

No others need apply.

P.S.—The longer I live the more sure I am that the real secret of Life, Health and Happiness is Open Windows. Air is Life. The want of it death. Ozone is Health and Happiness. Night air is the purest air. So sung Miss Nightingale.

Buy "Immortality Proved for 10c.," by F. C. Emberson. The most wonderful book in the world, of the Canada News Co., Montreal.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We are the most fortunate of men. We inherit the wisdom of the ages. Focus the wisdom of the wisest men of the past upon the best way to be happy, and it is simple enough. It can be reduced to a merely mechanical process.

All it needs is that you should try it.

All it asks is five minutes a day

The way to be happy is this:—About the middle of each day retire and ask yourself this question:—What have I done during the past morning to make myself or anybody else unhappy? Then frame some brief rule to prevent your ever being so foolish again. Enter these rules into a little book kept for the purpose, with a blank space in it for every day in the year.

Then say over to yourself, aloud or half aloud, the following

Dogget.

Pray.

Invincible Good Humored be ; and cool

ALWAY.

Eat,—sleep,—retire from all away,
At some fixed hour by rule

(And PLAIN)

TWO HOURS at LEAST)

Each day.

Cast out all fear and all desire,

Be fiercely honest, not a liar,

For e'en in jest

The truth is best.

Say *nothing* ill of old or young ;
And when you're angry hold your tongue :

Owe no man ought but the gift of love.

Seek bliss in blessing others here,

And find it up above.

Or, every other day, say in prose these

DOZEN RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

1. Praise.
2. Preserve *Irresistible* Good Humour. Say the initial letters of the four words (the letters P I G) over to yourself every time you sit down to a meal.
3. Keep cool whatever happens. There is nothing in this little world worth worrying an immortal soul's viscera into fiddle-strings about.
4. Keep fixt and immovable hours for all the functions of nature.
5. Set aside two hours a day for fun.
6. *Desirez fort peu et désirez-le fort peu.*
7. Never tell a lie, *even in jest*. A man who tells an untruth in jest is often not believed when he speaks in earnest.
8. If you are a fool speak ill of a man to his face. If a knave as well as a fool say it behind his back.
9. When angry hold your tongue.
10. Don't owe a sixpence, rather die.
11. You may look for your own happiness everywhere. You will never find it till you stumble across it in trying to make others happy.
12. Be much in the society of your BEST FRIEND, and your best friends' books, and noble women, and your heart-friends among men.
13. Never be in a room by night or day without a window being more or less open in it, or unless it communicates by open doors into a room with an open window.

The last rule is one of the most important. There was always, seemingly, meant to be clear access between us and heaven, physically as well as mentally. Read Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." and this will be explained.

O KURIOS NEANIAS! O curious young man! You seek happiness, and when St. Paul urges self-examination, You say:

"If the prophet had asked some great thing....."

But ten minutes a day!

That's too-much!!"

P.S.—Don't try and grab all that you can, but try how much you can do without. Of course you must be a teetotaler; it is no use borrowing the Devil's own swill-pleasure at high interest, and then *gumblin* because it turns to ashes of Sodom, and *wet damnation*, in the mouth. "A man maun ha 'a vara lang spune to sup parritch wi' the deevil."

A winsome Winnie once said: "Papa dear! it's no use making resolutions. I break 'em faster than I make 'em. The road to L," (with an arch look), "You know where, Papa, is paved with good resolutions."

"And so is the road to Heaven, chick."

"But how *can* I keep my resolutions, Dad dear?"

"Easily enough."

"Take one rule at a time. Take one cent from your purse and put it in your pocket, to give to the Verdun Hospital or any other well managed charity, every time you break this rule. That will cure any bad habit."

And then I told her of the "Five Cent Oath Box," which checked the swearing at the officers' mess at Toronto. But I did not think it necessary to tell her of the *enormous* sum found in the box every month when it was opened!!!

P.S.—Are you trying to get all that you can?

Turn about;

Find out—

What a number of things you can well do without

You seek happi-
I say:
..."

t try how much
etotaller; it is
high interest,
dom, and *wet*
lang spune to

o use making
e road to L,"
ed with good

ur purse and
or any other
e. That will

Box," which
But I did
found in the

"WHEREFORE were they made?"
"To comfort man. To whisper hope
Whene'er his Faith grows dim,
That God, who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him."

—Barbauld.



F. C. EMBERSON,

CHAPTER II.
ARE FLOWERS HAPPY?

"The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can;
That there was pleasure there."

—Wordsworth.

Let us see how far flowers carry out the Love-Sick Jap's

RULES OF HAPPINESS.

They can be remembered by the suggestive sentence: "Pray now well, in air and water, for the silent *P.I.G.*, troubled and hurried about cash."

1. PRAY; Consult "The Silent Voice" in every doubt. It will answer you fast enough.
2. NOW; No time like the present. If you want a thing done do it yourself, and do it *at once*. What is done *is* done. What isn't done, isn't done. What's not done to-day may never be done to-morrow. How often have I said "I'll pick that flower on my way home," notably a beautiful fly orchis I saw at Melbourne in 1875, and I've *never* done so.

WELL; Be contented. Leave well alone.

AIR; Be in the open air all you can, two hours at least daily.

WATER; Bathe daily.

SILENT; Whenever you don't know whether to speak or be silent, hold your tongue.

P. I. G.; Preserve Invincible Good-humor.

TRoubLED; Don't fish in troubled waters. Avoid disagreeable persons, places, subjects of conversation and things. Don't go near them.

HURRIED; "Hurry is the devil," say the Spaniards. "He that believeth shall not make haste," says the Bible. Never hurry.

CASH; "A fool and his money are soon parted." "A fule and his gear are soon tined." Diminish your desires rather than try to increase your cash. Finally, "Owe no man anything," but to

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Flowers keep all these rules so far as we can see. As to the daily bath, few think of the drenching, daily draughts of dew which flowers enjoy. Those who did would besprinkle their house-plants once a week for a good long time with lukewarm water.

And well grown flowers certainly look happy. See my friend, Bertie Grave's, flowers, at Westmount, if you doubt it. Ask to see one of his *Salaginella Caesias*, the most beautiful plant, surely, in the world, with its "chatouillant," or shot-silk gleams of lurid, metallic, flickering green, like Tennyson's

"Silvery gossamers (i.e., good-summers?)
Which twinkle into green and gold."

Or see the *Campanula Pyramidalis* at my friend Mr. Drennan's, with its *thousand* bells of blue—5 stalks, 200 to a stalk. For sale by Mr. Hopton.

And as to happiness, how happy should we be if we were brought up from the first to look forward to our death as the greatest of blessings in this short phase of a long life spent on a little ball only 8,000 miles through.

FLORA'S WORKS,—VOL. I.

PLANTS WITHOUT LEAVES

"The basest things do quickest propagate."

Bacon's Othello.

[Quoted in a letter to me from my brother on the birth of my first child.]

BOOK I.—Pt. 1 or Root-stem-leaf Plants.

Chapter 1—Red and Green Snow Plant.

" 2—Yeast: Mould: Mother-o-Vinegar: Scarlet-fever
Plant-animal, etc.

" 3—Sea-weeds, "The sapless foliage of the Ocean."

" 4—Lichens; which glide almost imperceptibly into
Mosses.

BOOK II.—Pt. 2 or Root and Stem-leaf Plants.

Chapter 5—Funguses.

" 6—Mosses; which glide almost imperceptibly into
Club Mosses.

BOOK III.—Pt. 3 Plants with Root and Stem and Leaf distinct.

Chapter 7—CLUB MOSSES.

" 8—LIVERWORT.

" 9—HORSETAILS or EUISETUMS.

E. Arvense. Common H. with fertile and then
barren stems.

" Hyemale, Mourning Rush.

" Limosum, Smooth H.

" Scirpoides, Thistle H.

" Variegatum, Green and Black H.

Chapter 10—FERNs, a study of Gray's Manual shows that Ferns may practically be divided into 5 genera only.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Feather Ferns, | Pteris. |
| 2. Polypody or Many-foot, | Polypodium. |
| 3. Heart's Tongue, | Scolopendrium |
| 4. Maiden's Hair, | Adiantum. |
| 5. Royal Fern, | Osmunda. |

Shakespeare says:—

"He is invisible. He wears tern seed."

No wonder. Ferns, like the other plants in Vol. I. of Flora's works, have no seeds. Only spores.

To identify these and other plants in this book, use the Manual of Botany, by Asa Gray, (friend of my friend, J. Titus Cruikshank ;) Price \$2.50, at W. DRYSDALE'S, 232 St. James street, Montreal. It is *indispensable* to a botanist.

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BOTANY IN ONE PAGE OF DOGGREL.

(To be learnt by heart.)

Flora seems to have brought out her works in 3 volumes, as follows:—

VOL. I. contains Plants without leaves.

These have 0 seed-leaves, and their typical No. is 0 or infinity.
"Extremes meet," as the donkey said with his tail in his mouth.

VOL. II. contains Flowers with parallel-veined leaves.

These have 1 seed-leaf, and their parts are 3 or in multiples of 3.

VOL. III. contains Blossoming Flowers with net-veined leaves.

These have 2 seed-leaves and their typical numbers are 4, 5, &c.

[By Blossoming Flowers is meant Flowers with both Calyx and Corolla (Cup and Crown) and not calyx only. In other words, Flowers with petaloids and not true petals.]

Pines may be looked upon as intermediate between Vol. I. and Vol. II., and Orchids as intermediate between Vol. II. and Vol. III.

Volume I. has 3 Books and 10 Chapters.

In Book I. are Plants with one part—Root-stem-leaf plants; *i.e.*, plants in which the root, stem and leaf are one and indistinguishable. Such are, Chap. 1, The Red and Green Snow Plant; Chap. 2, Yeast-plant, Mould, Mother 'o Vinegar, The Scarlet-Fever-Plant-Animal, &c.; Chap. 3, Seaweeds; Chap. 4, Lichens.

In Book II. are Plants with two parts—Root and Stem-leaf plants. Such are, Chap. 5, Funguses, and 6, Mosses.

In Book III. are Plants with Root and Stem and Leaf, all three. But not *true* leaves. Such are, Chap. 7, Club mosses; 8, Liverworts; 9, Horse-tails (*Equisetums*); and 10, Ferns.

Volume II. has 3 Chapters:—1, Lilies; 2, Grasses; and 3 Links. By Links is meant such Flowers as *Tradescantia*, or Spider-plant, *Smilax*, &c.

Volume III. contains 3 Books, 61 Chapters and an Appendix. These 3 Books are each subdivided into 2 Sections, viz.,

a. UNDERSEEDS, *i.e.*, Flowers in which the petals are in their natural position under the Ovary or womb containing the seeds, and

b. OVERSEEDS, or Flowers where the petals are round or over the Ovary.

P₀ or Book I. contains the tribes of Flowers with no Petals, only petaloids. These are

a. UNDERSEEDS.

Ch. 1 & 2, Amaranths, Four-o'clocks.

b. OVERSEEDS.

Ch. 3-10, Knotweed, Goosefeet, Beg., Daph., Laur., Birthwort, Nettles and Euphor.

(The abbreviations stand for Begonia, Daphne, Laurel and Euphorbia.)

P₄, 5, n, or Book II. contains the tribes of Flowers with 4, 5, or n Petals. N.B.—The letter "n" means any indefinite number.

UNDERSEEDS.

P_n, Ch. 11-14, Ranuncs, Moonseed, Poppies, Fu mitories.

P₄, " 15, Crucifers.

P₄ or 5, " 16-18, Flax, St. Johns Wort, Rue.

" " 19-21, Maples, Milkwort, Mignonette.

P₅, " 22-24, Mallows and Rock-roses, Teas.

" " 25-27, Sundew, Pinks and Orangees.

" " 28-30, Geraniums, Vine and Violet.

OVERSEEDS.

- P₈, Ch. 31-34, Roses, Butterflies, Loosestrife, se'dums.
 " " 35-39, Cact., Myrtle, E. Primrose, Umbells, Cums.,
 f.e., Cucumbers.
 P₁₀, Book III.

P₁ or Book III. contains the tribes of Flowers which have 1 petal, or what is rather 4 or 5 petals welded into one. i.e., Cucumbers.

UNDERSEEDS.

- P₆, Ch. 40-43, Waterleaf, Primrose, Sea Pinks, Phlox.
 " " 44-47, Borages, Convol., Sols. and Dogs., (*i.e.* Solanums
 and Dogbane.)
 P₄, " 48-51, Milkweed, Gentian, Jasmine, Heath-bloom.
 " " 52-55, Plantain, Acanthus, Verbena, Broom.
 " " 56, 57, Flowers of Mouth and Lip,
 P₅, OVERSEEDS,
 " " 58-61, Lobelia, Valerian, Madder, Honeysuckell. and Bell.

APPENDIX.

THE COMPOSITES.

The only thing worth living for is:—To know the Love of God. This list of Flowers is pretty well arranged in the order of their creation. What joy to see in it that their evolution was pre-arranged by a Mathematical Mind according to a fixed Mathematical law. I mean, of course, the funny phyllotactical series :—

$$\frac{0}{1}, \frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \frac{5}{8}, \frac{8}{13}, \&c.,$$

which gives the leaf and stem fractions. Here we see the fungus and mould-plant pass through ever-improving forms of plant-life, till (with some "missing links," of course, to oblige Dr. Darwin,) it glides into the surpassing loveliness and perfection of a double Rose and double Daisy in accordance with a pre-arranged mathematical law.

THE LOVELIEST FLOWERS IN THE WORLD.

To get the best flowers, the first thing necessary is to get the best seeds.

H. A. Dreer, Philada., is, as the *St. Johns News* once editorially proclaimed, the most reliable place to get seeds in N. A.

FOR THE OPEN BORDER.

1. Heartsease, or Pansy, Dreers' choice. 50c.
2. Sweet Pea, 10 distinct colors. 50c.
3. Mignonette, *Machet*, and all other varieties, mixed. 5c.
4. Coreopsis, Bi-color. 5c.
5. Candytuft, *Rocket*. 5c.
6. Morning Glory or Convolvulus. 5c.
7. Balsam, Double, mixed. 10c.
8. Marvel of Peru. 5c.
9. Meteor Marigold or Calendula. 5c.
10. Sunflower, *Cucumerifolius* and *Nanus Striatus*. 5c each.
11. Prince's Feather. 5c.
12. The Black and the White, Mourning Bride. 5c each.
13. Columbine or Dove Plant. You can see the four doves beak to beak. *The Hybrids*. 5c.
14. Snapdragon, mixed, and *Sulphur King*. 10c each.
15. Larkspur, *Formosum*, perennial. 5c.
16. Nasturtium or Tropæolum, all varieties, mixed. 10c.
17. Chrysanthemum, mixed. 5c.
18. Clarkia. 5c.
19. Portulaca, Double. 10c.
20. Curled Cress. 5c.

Few, if any, except these 20, can be sown to any advantage in the open border. Others *may* come up, but they will bloom too late to be worth much. Mix them all together and sow in drills.

And yet one U. S. catalogue recommends some sixty flowers for sowing in the open ground in Canada.

THE FLOWERS BETTER SOWN IN HOT BED, OR BOX IN THE KITCHEN.

1. Petunia. 10c.
2. Phlox Drummondii. 10c.
3. Verbena. 10c.

4. Scarlet Double Stock. 10c.
5. Joseph's Coat. 5c.
6. Zinnia Elegans, Double, mixed. 10c.
7. Aster, Truffaut's. 10c.
8. Pyrethrum or Feverfew. 10c.
9. Chinese Pink, Hedgewegi. 10c.
10. Ricinus, Palma Christi, Castor Oil Plant, *Gibsoni*. 10c.
11. Eutoca Viscida. 5c.
12. Carnation, Margaret. 50c.
13. The Nicotiana Affinis. 10c.

These Everlastings, for Winter Posies that will last for years, need a hot bed for early flowers:

14. Ammobium. 5c.
15. Helichrysum, mixed and (16) blood-red. 10c.
17. Celosia or Cockscomb. 5c.
18. Rose and (19) White Acrocliniums. 5c each.
20. Rhodanthe, Double, mixed, 10c.

Our wild Antennarias and Golden Rods make some of the best everlastings in the world. With them intertwine Clematis beard, and the berries of the Bitter-sweet, the Strawberry tree and the Berberry, and Canada's *unrivalled* wild grasses.

VEGETABLES.

- | | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| 1. Beans, Golden Wax, 1 lb.. | 15c | 15. Onion, Red Wethersfield | |
| 2. China, 1 lb..... | 15c | and (16) Yellow Danvers | 5c |
| 3. Beet, Long Blood..... | 5c | 17. Parsnip, Hollow Crown... | 5c |
| 4. Cabbage, Etampes for summer and (5) St. Denis | | 18. Parsley, Wyatt's..... | 5c |
| Drumhead for winter... | 10c | 19. Peas, 1 lb. American Wonder, for early use..... | 20c |
| 6. Carrot, Nantes..... | 5c | 20. Peas, 1 lb. Yorkshire Hero, which come in later.... | 15c |
| 9. Celery, White and Large Solid..... | 5c | 21. Red and White Turnip Radish..... | 5c |
| 10. Cucumber, White Spine.. | 5c | 22. Hubbard Squash..... | 5c |
| 11. Corn, Crosby's Early and Evergreen..... | 5c | 23. Connecticut Broad-Leaf Tobacco..... | 5c |
| 13. Lettuce, Drumhead, for open air..... | 5c | 24. Perfection Tomato..... | 5c |
| 14. Sage..... | 5c | 25. Savory..... | 5c |

H. A. Dreer, Philada., will supply all the above seeds, with some floral novelties thrown in, for five dollars (\$5)! They will make a showy, unrivalled, fragrant and most lovely garden, a perfect "knot of Paradise," the despair of the neighbors, the joy of its possessor and the admiration of all.

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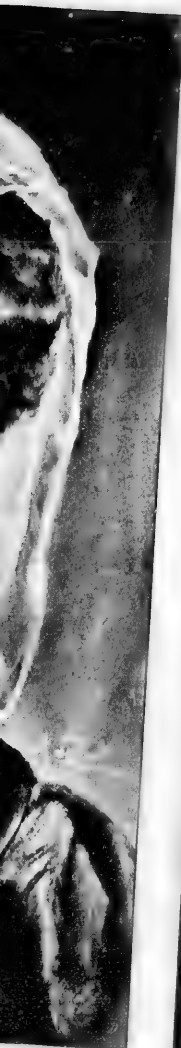
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SOME IMMORTAL THINGS.

It is the invisible impalpable things in the world, such as Electricity, Light and Character which are plainly Immortal. Hence the Characters or Souls—for Soul means Character—of the honest men, chosen by myself as advertisers, for their honesty, whose modest announcements here appear, are surely Immortal.

B
E
18





An Immortal Flag.

(DEDICATED TO JUDGE HEMMING)

Under the four crosses of this Flag, the crosses of St George, St Denis, St Andrew and St Patrick, have not Englishmen, French Canadians, Scotchmen, Irishmen,—all of us Englishmen under its folds—been only too proud and pleased to bleed and die ?

There's a flag that long neath Britain's crown
Has swept the stormy seas,
And who shall bid us haul it down
For self or pelf or ease !
Run up the flag ; long let in wave
Till knaves and traitors cease.
It cannot float above a slave,
It only fights for peace !

Run up the flag,
The brave old rag ! Yeo ! Yeo !
Up with the flag, Yeo !

Right round the world—3000 leagues—
Our British drum beats tap ;
From pole to pole—8000 miles—
Our Union Jacks would lap.
With manly glow our soul shall burn
To meet what fate may come,
Like needle true our hearts shall turn
To Country, Crown and Home.

CHORUS Run up the flag, etc.

F. C. EMBERSON, M. A.
L. O. ARMSTRONG, L. T.

CANADIAN LEAGUE CONCERT HALL, 1895.

To Alice.

NIPHETOS.

Niphetos in the Greek means "A snow flurry." It is the name of a rose
grown by my friend, Mr. Hopton.

Creation scarce could further go !
Each fragrant leaf of creamy snow
So perfect is and fair,
Nature herself would seem to say :—
"Thou art not sprung from earthly clay,
Nor built of cosmic air ;
From highest heaven's holiest shrine
Came soul-like waftings all divine,
And left thee growing there."

Now I pluck it, now I hold it,
And high in priceless vase enthrone it,
It pales—and droops—and dies—
But wheresoe'er it blushed we find
A rare aroma stays behind,
A scent celestial lies.

So—Alice—long as time shall last,
Each spot wherein a saintly maid
Hath but a fleeting moment strayed
Is fragrant with her presence past,
And holy in my eyes.

F. C. EMERSON.



OUIAPEKA FALLS,
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JNO. MACFARLANE, *President*,
578-582 Craig Street, Montreal.

TO A FEMALE FOOL.

SHERBROOKE STREET.

"There are only two things worth living for:—1, The constant service of others, and 2, To walk and talk with God."—JAP.

O restless, craving, eager soul,
On fashions, froth and folly tost!
Why not ensue a Heavenly Goal?
Why drift among the lost?

Within thee lies a garden sweet—
The Garden of the Mind—
Oh! Till its flowers with culture meet,
Be thoughtful, patient, kind.

Around thee close the blackening fates,
Confusions, DEATH, alarms;—

* * *
For thee a Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
—Fly to His *loving* arms!

COTE ST. PAUL,

Xmas Day, 1894.

F. C. EMBERSON.

TO THE SAME.

"Look how the world its veterans rewards:—
A youth of frolics;* an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend;
A fop her passion, and her prize a sot;
In life ridiculous, and in death forgot."

* Pope wrote "frolics;" I prefer "follies."

A. POPE.

MORAL—CONSULT THE INNER VOICE.

service of others,

EMERSON.



Me, with a **FEW** of my Grandchildren.

☞ Surely the Family of Emerson is likely to be Immortal.

HOPE.

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Murray's Guide to Montreal

is so far immortal that it has reached
its 7th edition. I wish some of my
books had.

It can be bought of

THE WM. DRYSDALE CO.

232 St. James Street, Montreal,

which I have found the best
place to get books in Canada.

Immortal Memories.

TO DEAR JESSIE.

O harvested in Beauty's Bloom,
Ere Sin could soil or Sorrow fade !
How bright our Hopes beyond the Tomb
With thee in Silver Light arrayed.

Truthful thyself, Thou seest Truth :
Blessing all else, Thyself art blest.
In deeds of tenderest love and ruth ;—
An Angel's work that's perfect Rest.

VERDUN.

F. C. EMBERSON.



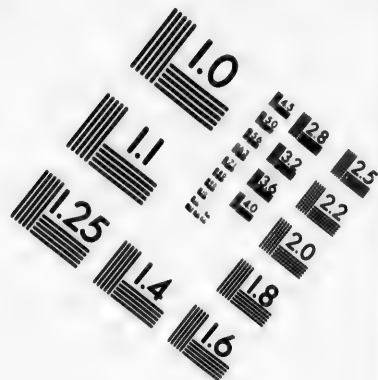
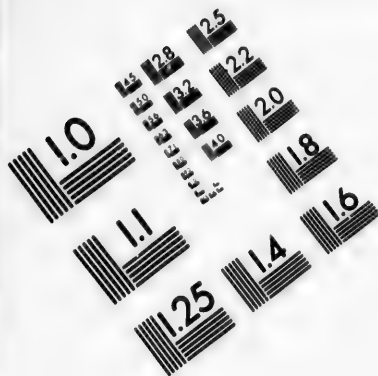
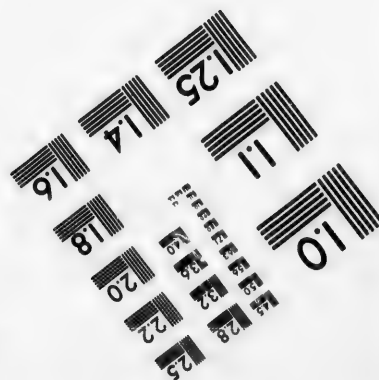
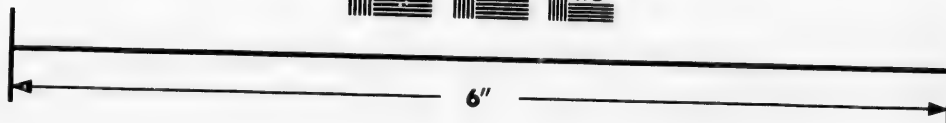
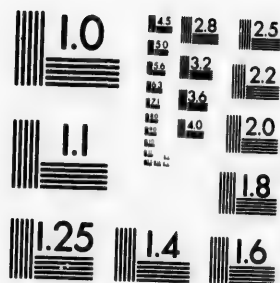


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Can Beef be Immortal?

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INTRODUGTORY.

And thou who didst with pit fall and with gin
Beset the road I WAS TO wander in,
Didst with predestined evil surround
Emmesh—And then impute my fall to sin !

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.
For sale by E. PICKEN, 50c.

The public are respectfully warned against press notices and reviews of this book which appear in the Province of Quebec. They are either written by the author himself or by his warmest personal friends.

I met my Reverend friend and whilom beloved pupil, dear Andrew Balfour, once in St. James St, Montreal, near Bonaventure Tea-pot. How well do I remember the joyful meeting spot. Directly he clapt i i i i on me he larft. Many people do.

I dont kno y.

"I want a copy of your booc," he began. "Last Sunday, I was at supper at the Bishop's,"—he meant dear Bishop Williams—the noblest soul that ever breathed in Canada. "He said to us:"

"Have u seen Emberson's nu book?"

"And he began to larf.

"And we all larft.

"And he went into the next room."—I can see him parting the well remembered curtains,—and brought it out larfing.

"And he began to read laughing.—"The public are respectfully warned"—and then he couldn't read "for larfin. And we all larfed, and we don't know a bit what we were larfing at, and send me the book. "What is it?" (putting his hand into his ministerial bags, (Euripides calls them 'bags') "for I want to find out what we were larfing at."

And then he forked over his \$ $\frac{1}{4}$ like a man.

People, they say, never — well "*hardly ever*" — read Introductions at the beginning of a book, so I have stuck mine at the end.

This tome is full of concealed jokes and mistakes made on purpose.

When old Dr. Routh, the Principal, in my time, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, lay a-dying, it is said that his favorite among the disciples round his death-bed asked:

"What last golden sentence, Father, can you leave us to guide us through the mazes of life."

The Divine mused awhile, then grew suddenly weaker and fell into his death throes, and (as the disciple leaned over his bed to catch the words as they painfully fell, one by one, from the lips of the dying theologian) gasped:—"ALWAYS — VERIFY — a quotation."

And the gentle spirit fled.

No time which could otherwise be more profitably spent in beer and skittles has been wasted in verifying quotations for *this* volume. They have been corrected, etc., often, to suit the author's purpose, a practice for which we have the very highest authority.

The grammatical figure used throughout this work is what the Greeks call the "SCHEMA PROS TO SEEMAINOMENON," which, being translated, is "make your meaning plain and as to grammar — letter b and letter rip." There CAN therefore be no mistakes in grammar.

The spelling is occasionally phonetic and go as u please. This has sávd much wear and tear of my energi. mi i's in re ding proois sheets. It is always rood to kor miwuns speling, much mor a poor printer's hoo ma not a. had the sam advantajes of edukation as yoorself.

The author has 'like Wordsworth' the perfect confidence that his books will survive the silence of critics, and go down, joys forever, to his posteriority. He looks upon this book as the best book ever written, or that will be written; the brightest and liveliest, most witty and astonishing. It is priceless and in-valuable. But it is a mere sarcumstance to his next book "Meh at leh," a Canadian Indian Love Story. Order it of him. Full price 50c., sold at $\frac{1}{2}$ price to every body, at 25c.

 This book is not copyrighted. Copyright is, if not most unchristian, at any rate, most unapostolic.

Fancy St. Paul copyrighting his letters. He says, "Every writing ('PASA GRAFEE' not 'PASAI AI GRAFAI') is given by inspiration of God." Shelley arrived independently at the same conclusion. Now, how can a man, worth calling a man, restrict the circulation of thoughts, doubtless inspired by the Source of All Light, however impaired by the human tongue through which they are uttered?

Nothing would please me better than to see someone print a 24 cent edition of this little book.

A penny edition would put me in ecstasies and raise my head to the stars.

And to see my booklet turned into Arabic, as Moore saw his Lalla Rookh, and as their author did the Arabian Nights, would elevate me to the constellations.

I can earn a living, as St. Paul and Yorrick did, by my trade, and I thank everyone who helps to send my brain banplings, my works, pastime, joy and recreation, broadcast through the world. Would only they were worthy of it! If really good which they aint, a magazine would pay me for first right to them.

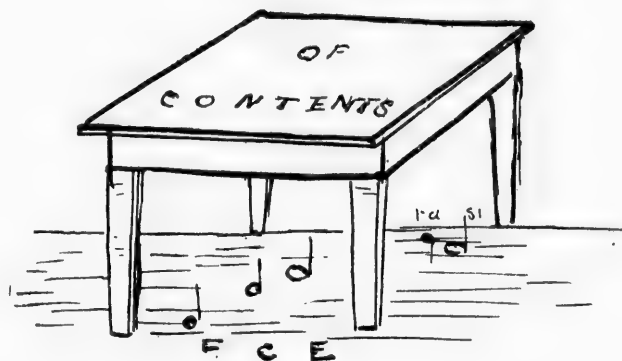
Copyright is a nuisance, and a tax on books is a barbarism. Mail the following words to F. C. Emberson, Drawer 2381, Montreal.

Dear Sir:—Please add my name to the list of those who promise to oppose the election of any man for M.P. who will not give his pledge to bestir himself:—

1. To abolish all copyright law in Canada so that we may have the best books all over the world at cost price.
2. To get the duty taken off all books (that is, off all light and learning) coming to us from the other hemisphere,

And I have signed,

~~See~~ The Quotations at the heads of my chapters have no reference to their contents. This I have arranged in loving memory of Walter Scott. Similarly I make them up myself and attribute them to "*Old Play*," or that most voluminous of all poets—ANON.



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Mentioning*

For \$336.00 I can insert a four inch
ad. in all the best papers, in Quebec
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As to the number of insertions, I can give you
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241 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.



Neatness and Despatch.

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822 DORCHESTER STREET,

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Delivers Flowers not many minutes after they
are picked at his Hot Houses,

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It is most important for
Farmers to know of . .

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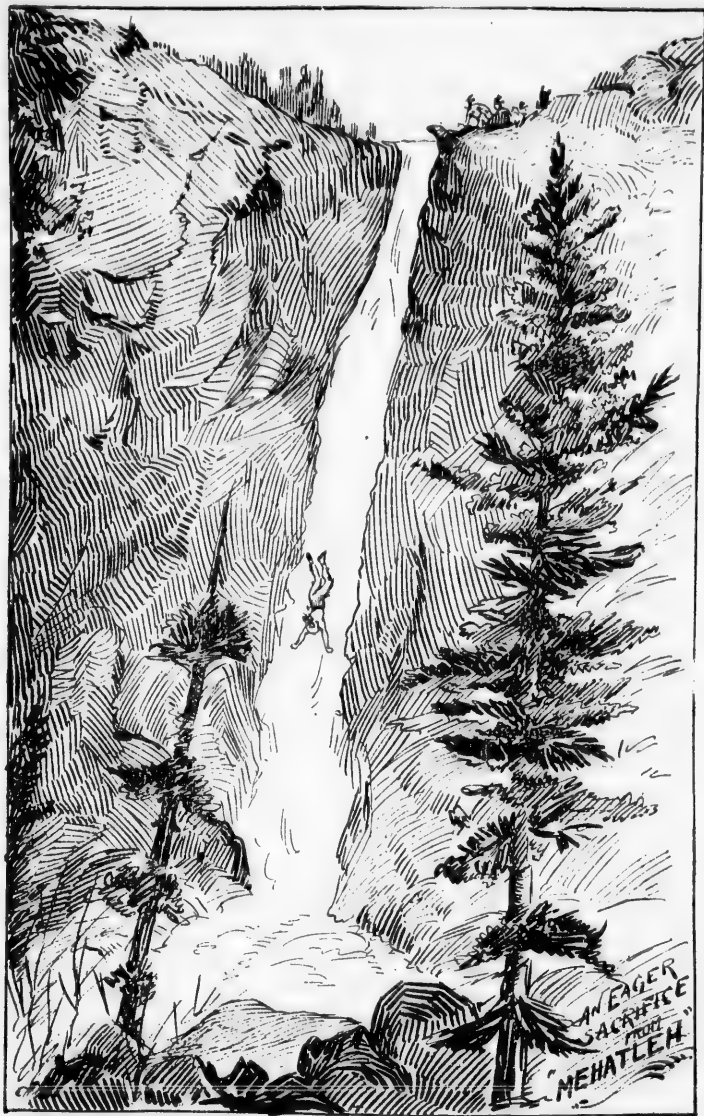
MONTREAL



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THE
St. Johns
News

Is undoubtedly

The Best Country Newspaper in the World

YES! THE WORLD!

**If you want to know why, ask the
Author of this book**

SEE BELOW.

**N.B.—No charge for inserting Original, Useful and
Highly Interesting Matter.**

**The Author believes the St. Johns News to be the best paper in
Canada. He writes for it.**

World

THE AFTER LIFE

(1)

I sent my Soul throo the Invisible,
Some secret of that After Life to spell,
And, by-and-bye, my Soul returned to me,
And said : " 'Tis I myself AM Heaven *and* Hell."

THE RUBY HAT OF OMAR KHAN.

The Wm. Drysdale Co., 50c.

aper in

Turkish Bath Hotel.

("Perhaps the Best Hotel
in the World,"

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.,
Author of 'Mehalish, etc.)

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MONTREAL.

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298-300 St. James St.

Montreal,

Will be happy to supply all their friends with
coffins new or second-hand. They are urged to
run in to the office at any time and try them
by lying down in them when alive, so as, when
dead, to secure

A GOOD FIT.

THE AFTER LIFE

(2)

HEAVEN'S but the Vision of Fulfilled Desire.
HELL, The reflection of a Soul on Fire
Cast on the Darkness, into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon Expire.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Buy of The Wm. Drysdale Co., Montreal, \$1.00.

W. DANGERFIELD

1173 Notre Dame

SHOEIST.

Dangerfield's is, I think, perhaps
the only place in Montreal where one
can get a really gentlemanly and lady-
like Boot or Shoe,

ALSO

FOOTGEAR REPAIRED AND MADE TO ORDER

Blow! Oh, Blow, ye heavenly breezes,
All among the leaves and treeses;
Sing! Oh Sing! Ye heavenly Muses
While I mend your Boots and Shoeses.

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THE UNSEEN GOD

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
A Glimpse,—if dimly, yet, indeed, revealed,
To which the wearied Traveller might turn
As turns the trampled herbage of the Field.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

I don't think *more* beautiful lines were written by *any* of Farrar's Greatest Seekers after God. And yet fools think this man was a Hindu. Nay! He was one of the noblest seers that ever lived, a great friend of mine, a splendid Mathematician. I can't hold a *candle* to him, (tho' I did take a Second in Mathematics at Oxford) and he was an excellent judge of the Persian substitute for whiskey,—tho' most sparing, if not abstinent, in its use. Get the book at Wm. Drysdale's. It c sts 50c I think or thereabouts.

F. C. E.

After travelling about a deal in my time, I have
found that the Trip from

Montreal to Rochester, The Flower City of America,

By the 1000 Islands, Lake Ontario, The Bay of
Quinte, Rochester and then back by

THE LACHINE RAPIDS

The only place in the world where you can see a
steamer visibly sail down Hill; is the most

DELICIOUS

Trip in Canada if not in the world

The Wide, Wide World

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

Round Trip from Montreal at 10 a.m. on Thursdays to Ro-
chester (spending all day Sunday there) and back to Montreal by
5 p.m. on Tuesday, with Meals, State Room, &c., \$17.00.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHISPER OF THE SEASHELL.

"ECHO

Sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell."

—MILTON'S COMUS.

To those who will speak to it the best earnest of Immortality is the "STILL SMALL VOICE." How plainly it spoke to Elijah! How amusingly it got Balaam to listen to it when his ass balked!

Below is what I wrote on it in my novel the "LOVE SICK JAP."

My words may help on the form which Christianity will assume in the future, when all shall talk direct with God and worship together regardless of differences on minor points.

I, Wm. Drysdale, Instructor to the *Boys*, i. e., to sailors less than three years in the service mostly about 23 years old and about 6 feet hi, deposes as follows:—That is to say:—to wit:—"In 1893 I was wally to a Parsee passenjer on the "Billy Ruffian," from Calcutta to Vancouver.

We woz werry confidential, coz y, being a valley, he aperiently valled me werry lly.

And to suck his little Parsee brains all I cood, I used to axe him all kinds of intererogations and questions.

And one morning, the wind being fowl and choppy, and we being werry fond of eggs and the ship having just laid 2, I sez to him, sez I:

"And wot was us poor beggars put in this 'ere circumbendibus of a world for, at all, anyhow?" sez I.

And sez e:—

"To be appi," sez he.

"And how is a man to be appi," sez I, "in a world wert beef-steak is fourteenpence a pound."

And, sez he:—"By listening to

"THE WHISPER OF THE SEA SHELL."

And he handed me a printed, original, manuscript, all written by his own hand, and printed off at a printing offis, in English letters, wich it puzzled me how he got it done by some little Parsee printer's deffeel."

And it ran thusly, and so fashion ; word for word, so how :—
 4 y shood i de:cev u,

The subject of the words below is one where angels may almost fear to tread. Not written without thoughts of fear, it should not even be read, except in the evening in reverential mood. To thoughts such as these, the mind is seldom attuned except when the voices of the night wake the better soul within us to an antepast of heaven's holy calm, or when, under affliction or fatigue, the reader is in tender mood.

He should, at least, refrain till he has ample time to
 Read slowly,
 Weigh thoughtfully, and
 Assent with care.

"Be much in the society of thy Best Friend."

Our best friend, if we will make Him so, is God.

(1.) Would we know His existence? Would we know that He is?

Then let us cross, like some blind man, to the sunny side of the street of His ways, and know His heart-, body-, soul-, and spirit-warming rays, and say,

"Der Sonnenschein,
 Der Sonnenschein,
 Es scheint in meinen Hertz hinein."

"The sun she shines,
 Long may it shine,
 She shineth in this heart of mine."

(2.) Would we know His character? Would we know what He is?

Then let us read the Psalms, and mark each and every passage which speaks of His truth, His tenderness, and His love.

Next let us copy these passages out, and then transcribe them, in fairest list and most connected sense, into some Vade Mecum of our Highest thoughts, Choicest cullings from choicest authors and Daily Good Resolutions.

His existence known, His character most familiar, let us make Him our very friend.

"How?" do you ask? "Separation," as Aristotle saith, "Separateth very friends."

Suppose an Arthur Hallam ever lived with thee, all the more constantly present because ever invisible to the eye. Suppose him ever ready to hear thy questions and resolve thy doubts. Wouldst

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thou not talk with him daily, yea, in every little subsececive hour? Wouldst not refer to him every doubt, and ask him to decide it; every irresolution, and ask him to end it?

And GOD is ready to do all this.

He has done it with His chosen servants since recorded time began. Was He not in the cool of the evening, in the Garden with Adam, and "the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;—surely the sweetest, briefest poem and most celestial word music, that even the Pencil of the Holy Ghost hath ever penned.

Plato heard this voice, and not only did it answer him (as it has done me, chiefest of the frail, whenever I have spoken to it), but "Sie sprach zu ihm, Sie sang zu ihm" of itself. And so was Plato enabled to describe unwittingly that death which gave us life—the life-giving death of One who carried out Plato's noblest antepast of "Him who being just, is adjudged unjust by men." For Plato wrote, four centuries before the birth of Christ, these words:—

"Then shall the Just One be Condemned though Innocent, be tormented, scourged, despitefully entreated and finally *Crucified*, that we may learn that the life of man is given us not to *seem*—but to *be* just."

And the Voice spoke to Epictetus, and showed its love. And the words it said were graven on his tomb for all to read,

Forever:—

"I was a slave; poor, brutally *ill-treated*, maimed, misshapen, sickly, and *very dear* to GOD."

It spoke to the priest Copernick, who, exiled, by the infallible Church of his fathers—the Church of his own dearest beliefs, to icy lands and blasts which were his death, had inscribed over his everlasting sleeping-place there:—

"Mercy! O God of Mercy! *Mercy!!* I ask it, not as asked by Peter or by Paul, but as the repentant robber begged it with a groan."

It spoke to Marcus Antoninus, who, on his bed of skin-covered, sloping board, writes thus, and the words shall ever live:—

"And why should I be afraid of death? Death can but bring me nearer to God. And if there be no God, what is it to me to live in a world without a God

But there is a God, and He "careth for us as His children."

And indeed,

"His goodness watches o'er the whole,
As though the world were but one soul;
Yet minds my every sacred hair,
As though it were his single care."

And does not Xenophon, too, speak divinely when he puts these words into the dying mouth of Cyrus:—"Think not, my son, that I, when I leave you, shall be nowhere or nothing. When with you, you could not see my soul, except from its acts and deeds. Believe then that this soul exists, though you see it not."

And most glorious is the utterance of Cicero when he exclaims: "O glorious day! when I go to join the Perfect Crown of Human Souls, and leave behind me this seething mess of common men. For I shall then go to join, not only those glorious men of whom I lately spoke—but my Son! my Son! Never was there better man, never a more loving son!

I closed his eyes.

He should have closed mine. But the eyes of his soul were never closed on me. They were ever turned to me as he was going to that place whence he sees that I shall soon go to him. And o'er his very ashes I took comfort, and thought that I should perhaps be going to see him soon."

This voice would seem to have spoken to the grandsire of one of my dearest friends, dear Charlie Gibb, to whom in moiety, this booklet is dedicated. Charlie Gibb's Grandfather was in Scotland, faring well. The voice bade the old man go to London, where he had not a friend.

After a while he went to London.

He knew not why.

He never knew why.

And, years after, the voice bade him go to Canada, to acres of snow, whose very name he hardly knew. He heard, and heard, and then heard again, and listened, and came to Canada.

He knew not why.

And died, and knew not why.

But it may be, it may be. We perhaps have bare right to ask why the voice thus spoke. Some of us may guess. Weary with the dust and drouth of city life, irritated at the infection of Montreal money-madness, we now can enter the Gallery of some of the pictures of the world. There before, one lovely representment at least (the Gruenwald), we can rest and listen to the still, small, calm and healing voice—'tis the voice of Nature,—the form in which the Inner Voice is always speaking to us through sea shell or from scape or flower, and we would but listen and hear.

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And what will it say?

"My child! why hurried? Why ruffled, though but for a moment!

Look at me; I am calm enough."

And this gallery was built by the son and grandson of this old Scotchman who obeyed the Invisible Voice!

And, though each man's sorrow *is (of course)* the only really unendurable sorrow in the world; yet let him remember that amid the most Egyptian darkness, there is always, if he will have it so, one Goshen of Light into which he may retire—The Goshen of his own dear heart and inmost soul.

And once upon a day the Voice spoke to 300 men at once. And it spoke in the words of a glorious, old, roystering Spartan war-song.

There were a quarter-million foes in front towards pleasant Tempe, and there were 250,000 behind, on the road to home and dear Lacedaemon. And on their right hand was mud—worse, far worse, than a deep sea; and to the left there was the devil in the shape of an unscaleable cliff.

And they went to couch early, and slept as soundly as Macaulay says Argyle did in the Tolbooth.

And in the morn, they arose betimes, and combed those long locks, their pride, that showed their blue blood, so that they might die like *gentlemen*, as they were.

And then they sang out a glorious old-time Paean, resonant with wild delight of battle with one's peers, with stern contempt of death, and with joy of victory; yea, that greatest of all victories, the victory over self and shame.

And they fought till every man was killed! For "the arrow did not choose out the bravest only," but slew them all, and every wound in front.

O Zeu! Zeu! How glorious to live in a world where such a deed was done!!

And one cried to one of these old Aryan hearts-of-oak, "Look at those Persians. Their 5,000,000 arrows will darken the sun." And the jolly old moribund (probably swore and) said.

"Then we'll lick 'em in the shade." And the words will live for ever, and survive the clock of time.

Verily the race of heroes has not died out. We would hardly recognize them unless we looked them carefully in the face, or eye to eye. And in doing so, let us remember the dictum of Dickens, that:

"If ever we are deceived by a man, we cannot blame Nature. Nature stamps it on his face. We do not see it because we wilfully blind ourselves to the mark of the beast, or, the mark of what is *worse than a BEAST*, a dishonest man like Mercier."

These heroes are men. They have not entirely eradicated the Non-divine Element in them, and it is often on the surface on its way from within into space, like Bob Acre's courage oozing out of his finger tips.

I have known such heroes. They will suspect me for calling them such. They need not be alarmed. I am perfectly aware of their baseness, their—

And their,—

And their—

&c., &c., &c.

One of them, Johnny McVey to wit, of that ilk, heard a cry of distress from the wrecked sailors of the "Cynthia," 'one morn as on his bed he lay.' He leapt from the bed; slipped into his trousers, (*he* calls them "pants"), jumped barefoot into a crazy craft; rowed to the wreck.

"Never mind us," called the Captain of the Foretop and some two others (who were on the next bit of wreckage); "Go for the Pilot. We can swim. He can't."

And he went for the Pilot, and he saved three lives at the risk of his own, and what is worse and less romantic, at the risk of catching his death of cold.

And the three men he saved and fed, walked in dripping garments 3 miles to the street cars. And the street car conductor (like master, like man), made them walk five more miles to the Court House, because they had not the necessary 5 cents each, for their car fare; their cash having gone down with their pockets, and their pockets with their clothes!

Moral.—Let the City of Montreal run its own street cars, use the profits to reduce our taxes, pay the men humanly, and then they will be human and therefore humane. They are a fine lot of plucky fellows as it is. I know lots of t'em. And they know me.

And my "Water-Baby" acquaintance hath a fire-king friend, who hath an apprentice to whom he is a spiritual and moral father. And there was at Longue Pointe a fire-trap to "save" the Province the expense of \$116 a head a year for lunatics,—*"as if by fire."*

And the fire came, and there was a host of "furieuses" in the "furious ward," which is happily a thing of the past in modern asylums. There is none at all, by the way, at Verdun, perhaps, the best hospital for nervous diseases and studying botany in the world.

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And these furieuses refused to go out, and there was no exit for them, had they wished to do so.

And my fire-king acquaintance, Jimmy O'Rourke (would I could call him friend) and his apprentice axed their way *upwards* (?) through the flooring of three successive galleries or verandahs, hewed down the bastilian bars of **3-4 inch** iron which imprisoned the building, and dragged the would-be Sa-amanders from their fiery furnace, and shoved them, one by one, will-she, nil-she through the openings they had hewn in the verandah floor with their axes, some dead, some alive, and some betwixt and between, like Mahomet's tomb and the ham in a beef sandwich.

And the Heroes escaped as if by a miracle, and went about their daily work a few hours afterwards as if nothing had happened.

And they cannot go and get drunk when they read these words in a printed book, for they are, happily, teetotalers like myself and Mr. John Dougali.

Nor is the race of hero-giants like these likely to die out. With better education, a potent producer of deliberate pluck, with *better books* and better food, they are increasing every year. Witness the daily acts of our Montreal and other Firemen.

And perhaps they are nowhere so numerous as in the English Navy. I ought to know this well who sailed with them, ate with them in the fore-castle mess, discussed religion with them in the dog-watch, run about the deck barefoot with them, heaved the anchor with them, and almost heaved the seven meals I had that day, overboard, without them, tho', but one happy live-long day On board the "Canada"

"None that had seen their movements, their look, their fearless discourse and bearing, combined with the tenderest and most gentlemanly courtesy to a stranger and to the weak, could have doubted that every Jack Tar of them would have died *to a man*, as did the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae, 2,378 years ago this 1898.

Their mates have actually done so. For, one night, an echo of the Voice spoke in the words of our hearty British cheer,

"HIP, HIP, HURRAH! AND THREE TIMES THREE."

It was on the wreck of the "Amphion." The shipwrecked tars knew the hull was bound to sink. And the sea was high, and it was hard to take off even a few at a time to the rescuing steamer in the offing. And they carefully helped the weak, in the order of their weakness, into the boats.

And each knew that his own chance grew less as each boat-load left.

And each drew back rather than pushed forward to be taken off.

And night fell.

And the wreck was invisible on the waters, and there was no more hope.

And suddenly the hulk trembled like a guilty thing, and they knew that this meant Death. And then, out through the darkness rang three hearty British cheers. Not a quivering note, not a tremor among them all. What I have of my mother in me, comes to my eyes as I write, as I read, these words.

And they went down to be tossed with tangle and with shells in a glorious grave, to clasp hands again, I thank God, in a still more glorious Heaven.

O Jesu ! Jesu ! Thou who wert as fearless as they ! How glorious to live in a world where such glorious deeds are done !

And if we will but obey the Voice day by day in the smallest trifling acts of kindness, and of love, the glorious chance of doing such a deed may come to you and to me.

Let us then THANK GOD and take courage.

* * *

God can give happiness without the means of happiness.

The Jesuit father, last of his race in Spain, who like Dante, rebuked sins in high places even to the Papal pierced chair, was honored by sharing the fate of Him who was "Treated as Unjust, because most Just," like Aristides. Put in prison, in the top story "beneath the leads," severed from every friend, he was handed one day a book filled with such unholy words as his soul would most abhor. This book had been published, under his name and as if written by him, by the Regent of Spain. Whether it stung him or not, none on earth shall know. And he is tried in his absence for having written this book and for other uncommitted crimes, and he is condemned to death, and the hour of his deliverance draweth nigh.

And, Lo ! he comes forth to die, and it seems as if his very lack of food and his bodily pain and suffering had but knit his frame although attenuated, to gaunter healthiness and more sinewy vigor. And on his face was a glory as of that of Moses when he came down from the Mount ;—That glory, a faint hush of which is ever seen on every face which cometh forth from the secret place where it hath talked with God. With that ineffable Joy still on every noble feature, he was severed from the body by the axe of a "most Christian king."

* * * * *

And since that day hath not the Very Curse of God in Heaven Himself, the curse of leaving man or nation to himself, and the very blessing of the Devil in Hell—which spells backwards — rested on Spain !

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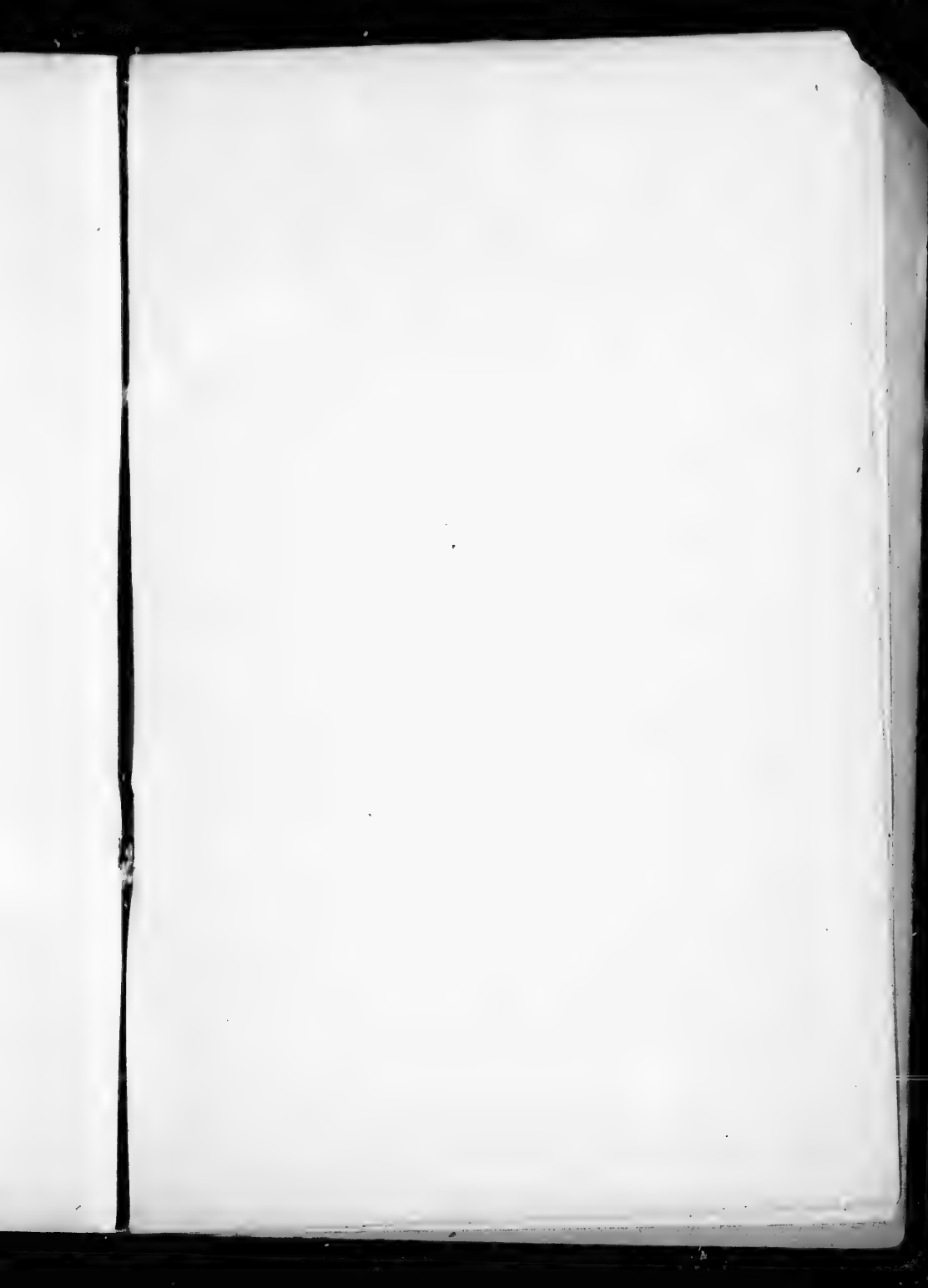
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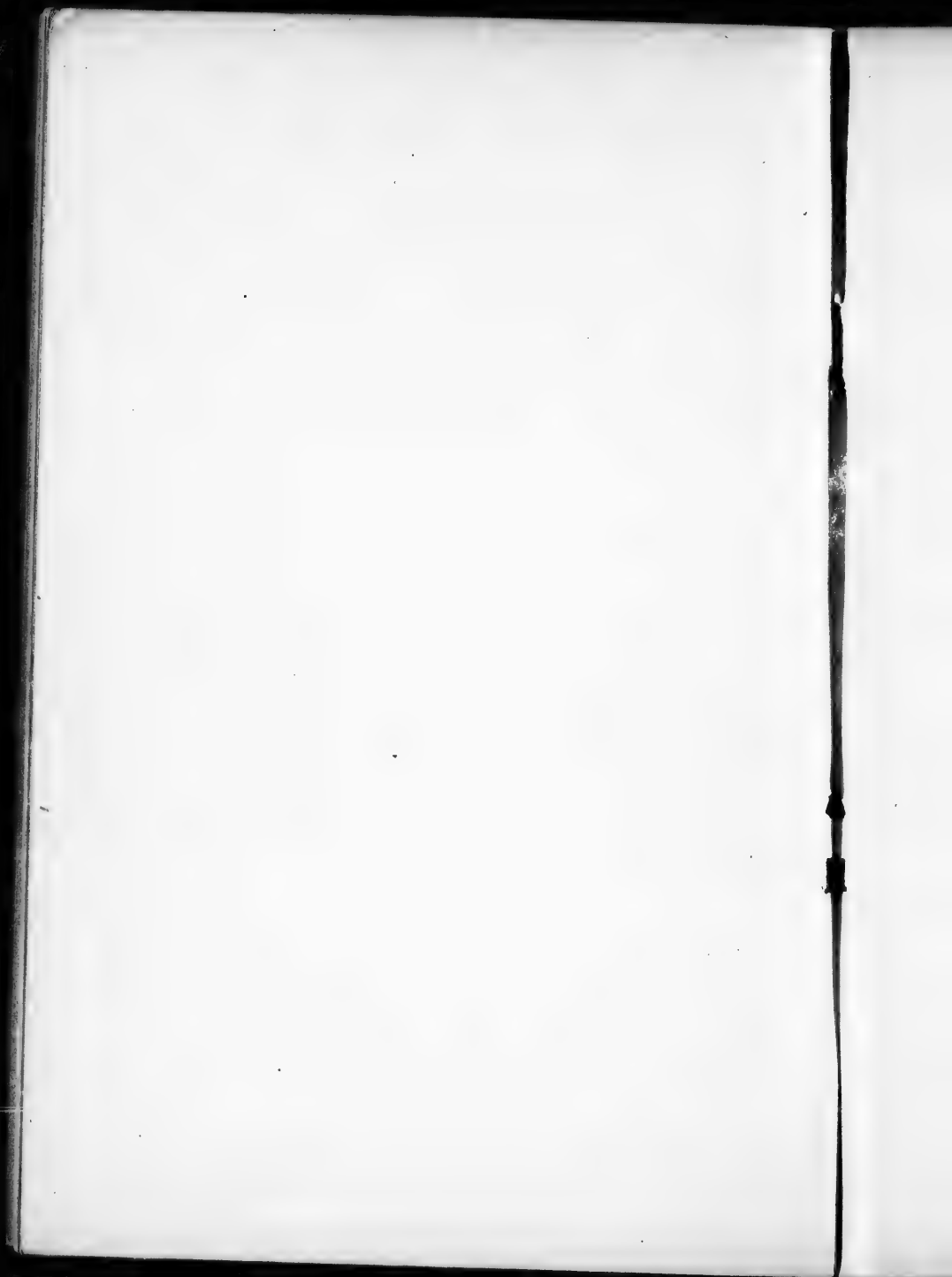
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<i>Druggists' Specialties</i> —		Trains,	598.
Leending, Miles & Co.	1584.	<i>Saddler</i> —W. W. Robertson,	3516.
<i>Dry Goods</i> —Morgan's,	3393.	<i>Seeds</i> —W. Ewing & Co.,	184.
Murphy's,	2193.	<i>Shirt Mfrs.</i> —A. H. Sims & Co.,	1821.
<i>Dyers</i> —British American Co.,	8271.	<i>Silk</i> —Belding, Paul & Co.	
<i>Electrotypist</i> —John Lovell,	230.	<i>Tailor</i> —I. Dufort,	8568.
<i>Florist</i> —Jno. S. Murray,	4597.	<i>Tobacco, (Wh.)</i> —J. Rattray & Co.,	147.
<i>Fruits</i> —(Wh.)—Vipond, McBride & Co.,	857.	(Retail)—S. Hyman,	914.
(Retail)—W. Maitland,	1010.	<i>Stockbroker</i> —Frank Bond,	2141.
<i>Hardware</i> —Jas. Walker,	236 St. James St.	<i>Varnishes</i> —R. C. Jamieson,	4234.
<i>Hotel</i> —The Turkish Bath Hotel,	4305.	<i>Watch Mender</i> —Peter Wood.	
[The best Temperance Hotel in the world.]			

N.B.—Best means "most good," i.e., most honest. Honesty is, as Danté says, the one virtue "proper to man." The above are men against whom the very breath of slander dares not wag its tongue.